JAN.–FEB.

The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

"Know Your Own State"

25 CENTS

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(249)

The Wisconsin Magazine

January-February, 1924

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

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The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1924

Lincoln At Beloit in 1859

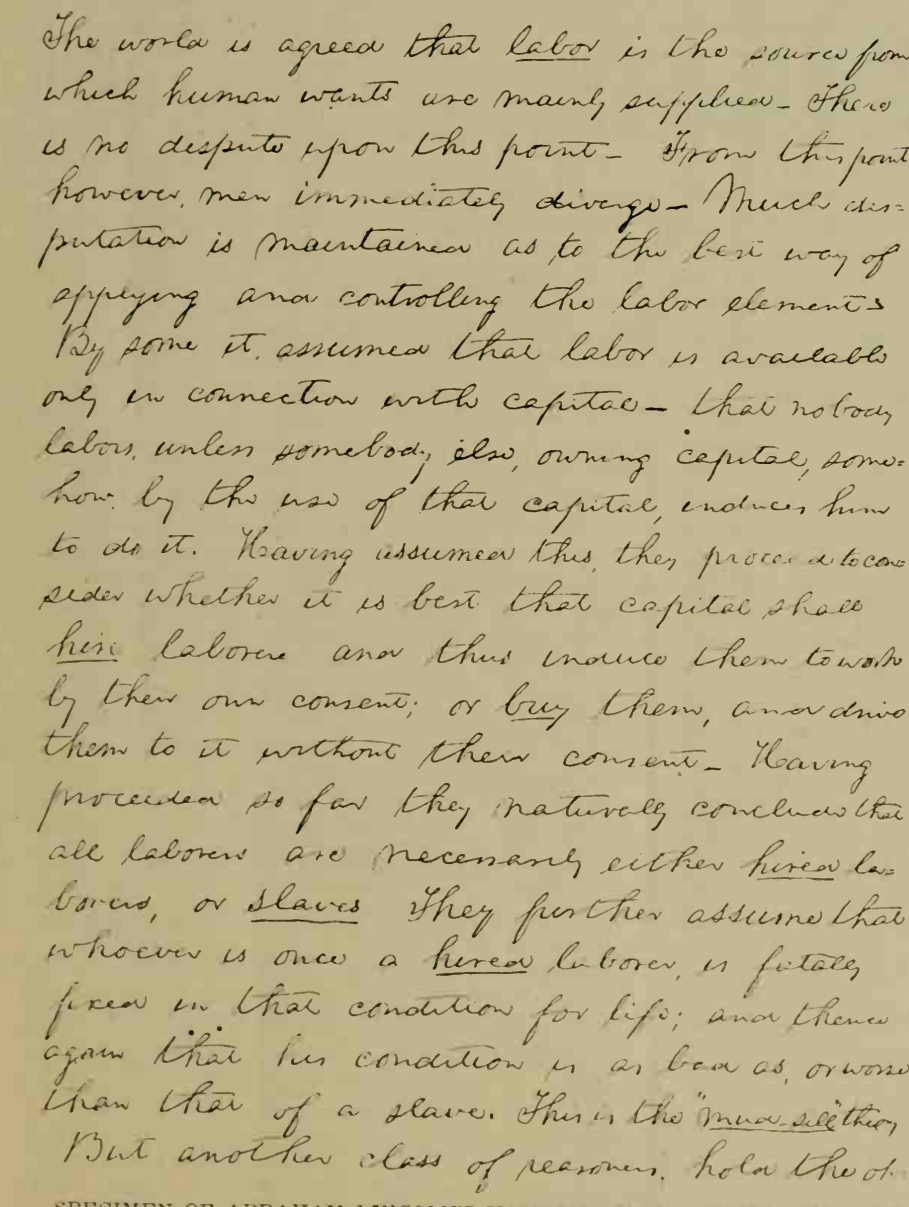
By Stanley E. Lathrop

IN SEPTEMBER, 1859, I enrolled as a student in the "Preparatory Department" of Beloit College. On the first day of October following, I heard Abraham Lincoln speak at Beloit.

It is difficult for the present generation to comprehend the political situation of those days. The ferment against human slavery was spreading rapidly over the land. In numerous halls, churches, and schoolhouses there were lectures, debates, and sermons on that vital question. It may be said that the whole nation was divided into two political camps—pro-slavery and anti-slavery. This "irrepressible conflict" could not be settled, until it was settled forever on the two thousand battlefields of the Civil War.

The "Lincoln-Douglas debates" of 1858 had greatly increased the ferment, and these two men were foremost champions of their respective parties. Douglas stood for what was called "squatter sovereignty"; that the settlers of the new state and territories, then rapidly increasing in number, should be allowed to choose whether or not they wanted slavery; Lincoln protested strongly against allowing the extension of slavery in any manner whatever.

Mr. Lincoln had been invited to make an agricultural address to Wisconsin farmers at the State Fair in Milwaukee. He consented, and gave the address on Friday, Sept. 30, 1859. It was a clear-cut, thoughtful discussion of the farmers' problems. Even after sixty-five years of agricultural progress since then, it is still considered a model of its kind. The complete address was published in the Proceedings of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, also in the C. S. Hammond & Company's edition of Lincoln's Works, published in 1907. It was first printed in full, from Mr. Lincoln's own manuscript, in the Milwaukee Sentinel, on the day following its delivery. George Henry Bleyer, one of the compositors who put the address in type preserved the manuscript sheets of his "copy-take". Sometime afterward, he went to Beloit to work in the office of the Beloit Journal. While there, he gave one of these sheets, written by Mr. Lincoln's own hand, to Lathrop E. Smith. Mr. Smith was then a college student, working in spare hours in the Journal office, as I was myself doing. Mr. Smith, after many years as an editor and publisher, is now living in Madison, and has preserved that sheet among his most sacred relics. It is now on deposit in the Wisconsin Historical Museum, where it may be seen. It forms part of an article on "Lincoln in Wisconsin", by Professor Julius E. Olson of our State University. A facsimile of this page is reproduced herewith.



SPECIMEN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING TAKEN FROM THE MS. OF HIS MILWAUKEE ADDRESS

The Beloit Speech

Mr. Lincoln had been invited by the Republican Club of Beloit to speak there, and consented. He reached Beloit by the noon train from Milwaukee, on Saturday, October 1, 1859. A great crowd met him at the depot, and escorted him to the Bushnell House (now called Goodwin House) for dinner. George Davis invited Lathrop Smith and a few others to call on him at the hotel, which was done. Mr. Lincoln received them very graciously, especially so because young Davis was the son of Judge Davis of Illinois, an intimate friend of Lincoln.

At two o'clock the crowds gathered for the speech. It had been planned for an out-door gathering, but a very high wind was filling the air with flying dust. So they gathered in Hanchett's Hall, then just finished, up three flights of stairs. The hall was quickly crowded to overflowing. Mr. Bannister, president of the Beloit Republican Club, briefly introduced the "distinguished visitor", who arose among deafening cheers. His movements were slow and leisurely. As he gradually straightened his gaunt, ungainly form, it seemed as if he would never stop rising. He was very tall, six feet four, lank and lean; rugged, smooth shaven face; swarthy complexion, high cheek bones, prominent nose, large mouth, deep set grey eyes, overhung by burly black eye brows; high wrinkled forehead, crowned by a wealth of coarse black hair. He was then past fifty years of age. All his movements were awkward and ungraceful. His voice was rather high-pitched, but there was distinct articulation, and in certain passages it rang like a bugle call. The opening of his speech seemed hesitating, almost to bashfulness. But gradually he awakened, and when fully aroused to the great subjects under discussion, no one thought of his hesitation or awkward manner. He swept the audience along with him, by sound convincing logic and true eloquence. One very strong impression made by his speech was that he was a man tremendously in earnest, a great soul pleading a great cause. I heard Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant", speak in Chicago to a vast outdoor audience, in 1860. He had a magnificent voice, wonderfully modulated, and was one of the most polished and popular orators in America—but he did not seem to me to possess that deep, unshaken faith in the righteousness of his arguments, which distinguished Lincoln. Then I could understand how it was that Lincoln's appeal to the most profound sentiment of righteousness in human hearts made him victor in those memorable gatherings. One man, who heard several of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, afterward said, "I worshipped Douglas, but Lincoln converted me."

Lincoln's power consisted largely in his "common sense" and the additional force of honest conviction. In the Beloit speech, he analyzed the different doctrines of the opposing political parties, and stated that the Republican party rested on opposition to human slavery in every aspect. He attacked the "popular sovereignty" plea, which was Douglas's rallying cry. He made it very plain that slavery was a moral wrong, and not a simple commercial question.

One of his statements was that of the real position of the Republican party. He said that its underlying principle was hatred to the institution of slavery; hatred to it in all its aspects, moral, social, and political. This he said, was the foundation of the Republican party—its life-giving, active principle. The expression of this hatred to slavery was the policy of the party; and this expression was and should be made in every legitimate, constitutional way. With slavery in the States they had nothing to do; but, said he, when slavery attempted to overleap its present limits, and fasten itself upon free territory, they would resist and force it back. Mr. Douglas, he said, considered that no moral question was involved. He took it for granted that slavery was not a moral wrong, and sneered at the idea of an "irrepressible conflict" between negro bondage and human freedom; but questions of abstract right and wrong could not be questions of locality.

A very good report of this address was printed in the Beloit Journal of October 5, 1859. I remember that Professor Joseph Emerson, the grand "Old Eeus", as we used to call him, said afterward that the speech was "the finest speciman of logic he ever heard". At a later date (in 1864) when our revered Professor J. J. Blaisdell was chaplain of the Fortieth Wisconsin Infantry, in camp at Memphis, when criticism of President Lincoln was very strong, the chaplain said that he "had never lost faith in Lincoln for one moment, after hearing him in Hanchett's Hall in 1859." This was my own experience, and I doubt if any one who heard him then could ever lose faith in his absolute integrity, his profound sincerity, his high moral wisdom, his true greatness.

The Janesville Speech

At the close of the Beloit address, three rousing cheers were given for Lincoln, and many pressed forward to shake hands with him. I was one of them—and I have always said that I had higher regard for my right hand than the left one, because it once felt the firm, friendly grasp of the "man of the ages." Several Janesville men had driven down to hear the speech, and they earnestly urged Mr. Lincoln to go with them to Janesville, and speak that evening. He consented. One of these was J. B. Cassoday, who afterwards became a Judge of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Their carriage traveled by the old prairie road, and Mr. Lincoln pointed out several localities which he recognized, having been an Illinois volunteer in the "Black Hawk War" of 1832, twenty-seven years before. He had marched with General Atkinson's command at that time, following the Indian trail over the ground where Beloit and Janesville now stand, as far as Lake Koshkonong, where he had been mustered out and returned home. He spoke that evening at the Rock County Court House in Janesville. This address was partially reported in the Janesville Gazette. As the next day was Sunday, he accompanied his entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tallman, to the Congregational church, hearing there a sermon by the pastor, Rev. M. P. Kirney. Next day, Monday, he returned to his home in Illinois.

When in 1861 I enlisted at the very beginning of the war, as multitudes of others did, it was with the utmost faith in Lincoln and in Lincoln's God. And it was very natural to talk and sing of "Father Abraham" when seated around the campfire, and through all the trying experiences of the four years war. One of the most highly valued assets of my life is that of having been one of "Lincoln's soldiers" throughout that historic conflict.

"IN THE BEGINNING"

By Mabel Brown Denison

"In the beginning, God!" I know 'tis true.
I've looked upon a land so filled with God
That I believe. His handiwork is traced
In all I see. The stately pine point up
Toward heaven, and often in the twilight hour
A gentle murmur through the forest stirs
As if the whispering winds were saying prayer.
The lake clasps heaven within its bosom deep
Until the boat that stirs its placid sheen
Seems as it were between two heavens hung.

And all the heavens stretch above,
"A tent to dwell in". Each star in its place
Pursues its course as its Creator bid.
And shall I doubt, when all the earth beneath,
And heavens above, claim God's creative hand?
"In the beginning, God." Lord, I believe!

Photograph by courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

THE WHIPPOORWILL HIDES ITS NEST BY NOT BUILDING ANY
It lays its eggs on the ground in the woods, where they are perfectly concealed by their likeness to their surroundings. The bird, too, matches the leaves perfectly.

Hidden Homes in Forest and Field

By Laurence H. Snyder

ON a day's ramble through the fields or woods it is possible to pass dozens of homes—homes of birds, mammals, or insects—and not see more than a very small per cent of them, even with sharp eyes and careful watching. Many of Nature's creatures are adepts at concealing their homes. Of course, we are familiar in a general way with this. We think of all birds' nests as hidden. We think of the thick screen of leaves as hiding homes of all sorts, and perhaps we think that in the midst of deep foliage a home would naturally be more or less concealed. That is so, of course. But in some of the interesting special cases a particularly clever means of concealment is used.

Although all birds hide their nests more or less, some seem to take special pains to do so. The meadow-lark, which builds on the ground, in the midst of a field, arches its nest over with grass, so that it is invisible from above, and can only be seen from close to the ground, and then only from directly in front. Moreover, the bird does not rise directly from the nest, but runs a little way along the ground before flying, so as not to betray the spot. The meadow-lark is the only field-nesting bird which habitually conceals its nest in this manner.

Photo courtesy Dr. John Henry Comstock

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER
Who covers the entrance to its burrow with a hinged trap-door. When this is closed the home is practically invisible.

The oven-bird uses a like method on the ground in the woods, covering its nest with dead leaves, so that it is one of the hardest of all nests to find. Other nests are occasionally concealed in this way, but these two are outstanding.

The humming-bird saddles its tiny nest to a branch, and, though no leaves may hide it, it is all but invisible. The outside is covered with small pieces of lichen, fastened with spider web or plant fibers, so that the nest, which only measures about an inch across, looks exactly like a bump or excrescence on the branch. Whether or not the humming-bird purposely uses the lichen for concealment is an interesting question, but the nest could not be better concealed. It is a strange thing that of about four hundred known species of humming-birds, only one visits eastern North America.

The wood-peewee and several of the flycatchers use a similar means of concealment, saddling their nests carefully to bare branches.

The marshwren builds a bulky globular nest in the reeds and uses a unique

Photograph by courtesy of Edward H. Forbush.

THE HOME OF THE DAINTY HUMMING-BIRD

The humming-bird's nest is covered with lichens, so that it looks for all the world like a natural excrescence on the branch.

well as to be nearly invisible. The whippoorwill lays its eggs on the ground in the deep woods, where both the bird and the eggs match their surroundings to perfection.

Some birds of other countries offer interesting examples of skill in concealment. The hornbill female nests in a hole in a tree, and during incubation the male imprisons her by sealing up the entrance with mud. Only a small opening is left, through which he supplies her with food. The tailor-bird sews the edges of a large growing leaf around the nest, completely concealing the home from view.

Some of the burrowing animals take especial care to hide the entrance of the burrow. Since a pile of dirt would give away the location, it is frequently removed. Chipmunks sometimes carry the dirt considerable distances away, in the cheek pouches. Another way is to dig down, piling up all the dirt at the beginning of the excavation, and keep digging up again to a new spot, which, being dug from below, will not have a pile of dirt to mark its location. The old entrance may then be filled up and abandoned.

The otter makes its home in a burrow in the bank along the edges of a stream, the entrance usually hidden by being under water, for the otter is as much at home in the water as the fish it lives on.

Among the lower forms are occasionally found extremely clever means of hiding homes. The trap-door spider makes tubular burrows under the surface of

method of concealing it. Since the nest is large and not easy to hide, the wrens build several, only one of which is used. The others serve as "dummy" nests. The male bird will sometimes lure an intruder to an empty nest, as if to show him that there is no family in the neighborhood. If one does not suffice to prove this point, he will take the intruder to another empty one. Whether done on purpose or not, this serves as an excellent means of protection for the sitting female.

There are birds which build no nest at all, but whose homes are concealed by the fact that the eggs closely match their surroundings. The killdeer nests on the bare ground, yet its home is not easy to find. The nighthawk lays its eggs on the ground, on a flat rock, or a gravel roof, and they match their background so

Photograph by courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

PROTECTED BY WATER IS THE OTTER'S FRONT DOOR

As much at home in the water as the fish it lives on, the otter cleverly conceals the entrance to his burrow by making it under water, along the bank of a stream.

By courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

THE HORNBILL FEMALE NESTS IN A HOLE IN A TREE

The male seals up the entrance during incubation, leaving only a small hole through which he supplies her with food.

Photograph by Laurence H. Snyder.

THE CAMOUFLAGE OF THE MARSH WREN

The marsh wren's nest is too bulky to be easily hidden, so the wren builds several of them, only one of which is used. The wren will lead you through the swamp, away from the right nest, to one of the "dummy" ones.

the ground, covering the entrance with a hinged trap-door. When the spider enters its home and closes the door after it, the entrance is practically invisible. In the places where these spiders nest, the ground around the hole is carpeted with moss; so the spider covers the trap-door with moss, too. This is not as intelligent an act as it looks, for if the moss is removed from the door and also from the ground around the nest, the spider will bring moss across the bare ground and cover the trap-door again; so that now, instead of being hidden, the door is the most conspicuous object in sight.

Some small crustaceans build tubular nests among seaweed. These are spun of a weblike material, and frequently bits of seaweed are used in building. This, of course, makes an effective means of concealment.

And so it is seen that, while nearly all nests and lairs are in a general way more or less hidden from view, some animals use particularly clever methods of "fooling the public" by concealing their homes and protecting their families.

(Reprinted from American Forests and Forest Life)

AN INSECT CARPENTER

An interesting worker in wood is the carpenter bee. This bee will make burrows in rather hard wood and in the bottom of the hole lay an egg. After placing some honey and pollen by the egg, it builds a partition and lays another egg, and so on until the burrow is filled. A large number of pairs of bees will occupy the same stump or post.—Yosemite Nature Notes.

WHITHER?

Where do you lead, little path of my dreams,
Out of this valley of woodland and streams,
Winding above where our smoke-wreaths have curl'd,
Over the hilltop and into the world?

—*Julia Grace Wales.*

Abraham Lincoln

By George P. Hambrecht

State Director of Vocational Education, Madison, Wisconsin

AMERICA has produced splendid types of manhood and womanhood for leadership—Washington, whom we reverence, Jefferson, whom we admire, and Lincoln, whom we love. Our love for Lincoln is inspired because of his great sympathy and love for humanity,—a love intermingled with all of his other sterling qualities, coupled with courage and ability, which enabled him to accomplish splendid results in the upbuilding of American ideals. This great love is well expressed in a quotation from his great interview with Joshua F. Speed, his life-long friend and confidant. Speed was present upon the occasion, just at the clost of the Civil War when Lincoln unconditionally pardoned all those who had been imprisoned by the government for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. He requested General Dana to bring him the entire list and said: "These fellows have suffered long enough, and I have thought so for some time, and now that my mind is on the subject I believe I will turn out the whole flock." Turning to Speed, Lincoln then said: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

It gives me great pleasure to say a few words concerning Abraham Lincoln. It has been my privilege for many years to collect data and material concerning his life, and I believe that he stands today, and will stand in all future time, as the typical American.

Lincoln was not an uneducated man although he had but limited schooling. His indomitable courage and ambition and study made him a leader among the scholars of his time. It may be truly said that he graduated from "The University of Hard Knocks." Schooling is only one avenue to education. Lincoln took the other road beset with many difficulties, and by hard work, close application, study of books, and self culture, reached the coveted goal designating him an educated man.

Born on the frontier, the vanguard of civilization, he became a close student of his environment. The frontier was very limited in its number of books and so it taught him to supplement his reading by investigation. All nature was a school from which Lincoln learned the fundamental lesson of investigation—studying causes and results as they came to him in his every day life. No president before or since Lincoln's time ever *investigated* more subjects nor more thoroughly than he did.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN FRONT OF MAIN HALL, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

The frontier also taught him *caution.* One could not be careless with the means of livelihood because it would be impossible to replace some essential implement brought from civilization long distances away. A plow which was broken could not be replaced at a nearby hardware store. The president learned early in life the lesson of caution, and it may truly be said that he was the most cautious man of his time. He moved with such cautious firmness that he never had to retrace a step, once taken.

The frontier also developed the *"all 'round nature"* in the ambitious boy and at various times in his early life he was farmer, rail splitter, navigator, storekeeper, surveyor, soldier, miller, and later, lawyer, statesman, financier, and diplomat. This "all 'round" training, from which he gleaned educational knowledge at every change of occupation, he brought to bear upon the problems of state an intimate knowledge of people, affairs, and events rarely acquired by any statesman.

The frontier taught him *self-reliance.* If he found any obstacle in accomplishing a necessary result—a sand bar, a stump, a difficult problem of merchandizing, a knotty problem of law,—he learned to think his way through the difficulty. Members of his cabinet all came to learn that Lincoln "relied" on no one although he sought advice from all sources. He was probably the most self-reliant president this country ever produced. Seward once said: "There is but one vote in the cabinet, and that vote is Lincoln's."

The frontier also taught him *simplicity of habits, manner, and language.* He used terms, even in diplomatic papers. that could be easily understood by all. When, in the difficulties arising out of the second campaign in 1864, many friendly statesmen were laboriously trying to argue that Lincoln should be retained to finish the work in which he was engaged, he summarized the whole argument by saying "it is never safe to swap horses while crossing a stream." The simplicity of his language and the aptness of the expression in this instance gained him many votes.

On one occasion, a member of his cabinet criticized him for using the word "sugar-coated" in a message to Congress: "Rebellion thus sugar-coated will not long deceive the American people", stating that sugar-coated was a commonplace word that did not belong in a state paper. Lincoln very quickly replied "the time will never come when the American people will fail to understand the meaning of the word 'sugar-coated.'"

Probably the best example of his simplicity of style, carrying with it the force of conviction and logical argument, is the Gettysburg Address known by heart by practically every school child in the country.

Extreme poverty during his youth, which he gradually over-came by rigid honesty, frugality, and close application to work,

taught him the value of tact in dealing with people. His tactful nature was clearly seen during the Lincoln-Douglas Debate when he put to Douglas the question as to whether he believed the territories should vote on slavery. If Douglas said "yes" it would alienate from him a large portion of the Democratic party; if he answered "no" it would ruin his entire program. Douglas answered "yes" and the result was a split in the Democratic Party at the next presidential election.

Lincoln's fame as a story teller illustrated the high degree to which this phase of his nature was developed.

Except for Lincoln's tact, we would have been plunged into war with Great Britain over the Alabama and Shenandoah case following the Trent Affair. Seward wrote a stinging letter to our minister to Great Britain in which he said among other things that "we intend to have a clear record of every issue with Great Britain". Lincoln "blue pencilled' this statement, indicating his displeasure of such language. In this letter, Seward further stated that "the President is surprised and grieved"; Lincoln corrected it so as to have it read "the President regrets"; Lincoln further changed the letter by striking out the word "wrongful" in a certain paragraph and inserted instead the word "hurtful". He changed the phrase "the law of nature" to "our own laws". He struck out six of seven descriptive words describing a certain event; changed the word "crime" to the word "error", and finally struck out this phrase from the concluding paragraph:

> "We cannot tolerate intervention, —twice enemies, and we may be forced again."

In this one act, correcting a state paper fraught with grave responsibilities, Lincoln demonstrated his power to investigate, governed by experience which made him cautious but wholly self-reliant, his insistence upon simple language, tact, and courage, culminating in statesmanship of the highest order.

The frontier also taught him bravery and courage. After thinking a problem through and convinced of the righteousness of the cause, he was willing to stand alone for his expressed ideal. Early, during his debates with Douglas, he applied the quotation "a house divided against itself cannot stand" to the slavery question. This brought down upon him a storm of criticism but he was courageous enough to voice the statement that seemed to him an inevitable conclusion. On another occasion when he was severely criticized he replied, "Let us have faith that right makes might."

During the war period, it would have been easy for him to follow the advice of many close friends and make slavery the paramount issue, but his letter to Horace Greeley shows his courage of conviction when he said, "My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or destroy slavery." He never agreed with extremists and believed probably more fundamentally than is common among public men that our form of government permits us to enjoy "liberty under law."

President Lincoln was able to be simple and at the same time great, courteous, and courageous; yielding and sympathetic, and at the same time a splendid executive; a combination of virtues seldom found in one man. Although members of his cabinet first underestimated him, later—belittled him, again, lost confidence in him, they finally came to recognize in him the real leader among men, and Stanton, probably the most critical of all, said, when Lincoln closed his eyes for the last time, "He now belongs to the ages,—here lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever known."

Lincoln's Stove Owned By Wisconsin Concern

On Lincoln's birthday there was on exhibit in a window of the Wolff, Kubly and Hirsig Hardware store in Madison, the stove used by Abraham Lincoln at his home in Springfield, Illinois, before he became president.

It is an elaborately wrought woodburning stove, manufactured in 1849. Although it does not conform with modern conceptions of iron-work ornamentation, it is a remarkable example of wrought iron art. It is interesting to note that the name of one other great American is also associated with this stove, as Benjamin Franklin constructed the original model. The "Franklin" stove was very popular during the 19th century.

The stove placed on exhibit in the hardware store is owned by the Fuller-Warren Company of Milwaukee, and was purchased by former Secretary Jones of the Fuller-Warren Company, 51 years ago, while he was on a visit to Springfield.

MANY TEACHERS UNFIT TO TEACH SAYS CALLAHAN

Would Set a Minimum Standard for Their Training

A MINIMUM academic and professional education of two years beyond high school graduation for every elementary teacher in Wisconsin is favored by John Callahan, state superintendent of education. This is one of the state department's "planks" in its educational program.

Supt. Callahan recently discussed his proposal of a state public school fund of $10,000,000 so distributed that each community can furnish adequate educational facilities for every child. Regarding his second proposal, he said:

"Wisconsin has over 14,000 elementary school teachers. 6,500 of them teach in one-room rural schools; 1,800 teach in state graded schools usually of two or three departments; 1,400 are found in the schools under the jurisdiction of county superintendents, and 4,500 are city grade teachers.

"If these teachers stood in a long line, three feet apart, the leader of the line would be eight miles from the last teacher. If they were so arranged, placing the teacher with the least amount of academic and professional preparation at the bottom of the line and the one with the best preparation at the head, we would find 62 teachers who had never attended school beyond the eighth grade; 106 who had completed the first year of high school; 900 teachers with two years of training beyond the eighth grade; 1,300 teachers with three years of training of high school grade. Then would come two miles of teachers who are high school graduates or the equivalent. In the end, we would find 8,000 teachers who are not adequately prepared. Over 6,000 of them are in rural schools, about 1,200 in state graded schools, 600 in village schools and nearly 800 in city schools. This shows that 92 per cent of our rural school teachers have less than two years of training beyond high school."—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

Nicolet National Park

By Walter A. Nelson

HISTORICAL setting seldom fails to arouse the interest of that rapidly increasing class of people known as the American tourist. To these any memento or lore of the dim past always brings forth admiration and respect. To this end we wish to introduce a Wisconsin project; not for Wisconsin alone, but for the country as a whole.

By poet and painter Door County has long been described. Yet the masterpiece of both have yet been feeble in describing this Eden of Wisconsin. Nowhere in the two hundred miles of shore line can a more exquisite scene be found than that of the proposed Nicolet National Park. Here may be seen majestic towering cliffs and bluffs, a landscape unparalleled in diversity of charm, to which justice cannot be given in mere words. Viewing its grandness causes exclamation of delight or the speechlessness of wonder. Such are the claims for this tract of one thousand and twenty-five acres of land, lying at the mouth of Sturgeon Bay. Overlooking the calm waters of Sawyer Harbor and the azure tints of restless Green Bay, the horizon is broken only by the spires of the cities of the western shore and frequently the smoke of north or south bound steamer. A measure is now before Congress to provide this as a playground for the American people.

In this picturesque setting roamed for countless ages the wily savage, fierce and implacable to the enemy but yet hospitable and generous to friends. Here roamed at will the lynx, fox, wolf and deer, while above, the great American Eagle ruled with beak and talon, the former sheltered by wooded ravine and hill; the latter by lofty tufted pine and beech. Truly the home of the untamed.

In the year 1837 the United States Government set aside this territory, describing it as a limestone quarry reserve for use in the building of piers and breakwaters. Years later a delegation arrived to inspect this government owned land with a view of establishing here a naval station. All progressed favorably, its location being then considered ideal for the purpose, but the course of politics caused the site to be changed to that of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. From that time on its very existence seems to be forgotten, aside from the occasional load of stone removed from its quarries. Recently the Door County Chamber of Commerce, aware of its beauties, began an active campaign to rescue it from obscurity, and attempted to bring its beauty of hill and dale and gem-like islands to the attention of the people.

BUG ISLAND FROM THE BLUFF

The co-operation of Senator Lenroot was assured, for after a personal visit he was charmed with its scenic beauty. Far famed are the waters of Sawyer Harbor for its bass fishing, remarkable even in a state famed as is Wisconsin. Today the area is much the same as centuries ago viewed as a whole only by hunters and trappers and the few others who venture from the beaten path. Exploration here is a series of delights, cliffs fringed with cedar and balsam, sloping gently upward to its crown of giant maple, beech and elm. Long forgotten trails lead among the verdure, ending at the mysterious crannies and caverns in the hillsides.

To this land of beauty and wonderful scenery, all may come if present plans mature. To make it so available requires but the construction of roads, ample material for which is available. Rounding the slopes and following the shores as it would, a great daisy field is brought to view, acre upon acre of snowy white blossoms unfolded before the eye. Yet it is but another of the now mysterious beauties of this virgin land.

Such is our plea, to make this territory mean something more to the people of our country than it now does, hidden away from all but a few, to make it the first National Park upon the Great Lakes.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The greatest praise which can be given any man is the expression, "He wears well." The most worn pages of history are those which describe the acts of men whose moral courage sustained them, in obedience to their ideals of absolute justice, against the anger of the mob, the murmurings of the timorous and the clamorings of the opportunists. These men grow in stature in the perspective of time until the world bows before the greatness of their character with a veneration akin to worship.

So stands Abraham Lincoln. Spurned, scoffed at, ridiculed, condemned, hated, execrated, left almost alone with a heavy weight of responsibility and the fate of a nation resting on him he never wavered nor complained. Who turned aside to pour a flood of sunshine into his life? No one. Who brought to him the personal touch of an understanding sympathy? No one. Who stood forth and boldly testified to his belief in the sincerity of his motives and confidence in his ability to meet the exigencies of the hour? No one. In all history none except the crucified Christ was left so absolutely alone in the torturing agonies in which an all-absorbing love was enmeshed. Gradually that giant character emerged from the wreckage brought upon his country by passionate hate. The world had found another man of destiny. The honor of today is but pygmied recognition compared to that which shall lift its just estimate of him in the centuries and ages ahead, when the perspective of time shall accomplish its purpose and measure worth-while lives. "He wears well."

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of America are celebrating their 14th anniversary this month. No movement has made such appeal to boyhood or enlisted such large numbers as has scouting.

The program provides opportunity for the expression and expansion of the natural, unforced instincts, towards growth, knowledge, and formation of ideals. It provides systematic direction of learning powers. The keynote of scouting is out of door life and, as such, it becomes the only organization that seeks to keep alive the spirit of our pioneer ancestors to which this country owes so much, and without which we are in danger of losing that which characterizes us as Americans, namely, self-reliance and initiative. Our frontiers have been closed for more than thirty years and conditions in America are becoming more and more like those of the old country and consequently living becomes more artificial. The scout program inspires boys to emulate such pioneer patriots as Abraham Lincoln, and seeks to preserve our most priceless heritage.

Here in Wisconsin we need the boy scouts. It should be one of our first duties to see that this organization be given every chance for growth and usefulness.

BETTER CITIES NUMBER

The Wisconsin Conference of Social Work has started a "Better Cities" campaign, offering a prize of $1,000 to the city which in eighteen months after entering the contest shows the most all-around improvement. Next month we shall have an article setting out the objects, conditions, and methods of the campaign. The following month (April) we expect to devote entirely to this movement, so that there will be in that number articles from many Wisconsin cities, written by authorities on particular phases of community life.

A NON-POLITICAL APPOINTMENT

With the appointment of Dr. W. F. Lorenz to head the State Board of Control, social welfare work in Wisconsin enters upon a new era of usefulness. The appointment has nothing to do with politics. It looks only toward the improvement of the service which the people of Wisconsin expect from one of the most important of their state departments.

The recent shake-up in the Board of Control has also been beneficial in that it has brought to the attention of the people the potential force for good or evil with which that board has been endowed by the legislature, and the consequent necessity of placing on the board persons with the training and ability that will enable them to carry out its functions to the best interest of everybody concerned.

Great interest also attaches to the impending appointment of a woman member of the board, to take the place of Mrs. Kading, resigned. By his selection in making this appointment, Governor Blaine will have an opportunity of proving that he is consistently interested in removing from the contamination of politics offices requiring technical knowledge and training as well as executive and managerial ability.

The appointment of Dr. Lorenz is wholly commendable. May the good work continue!

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Many things have combined to cause a delay in the publication of the last two numbers, and therefore, in order to catch up with our usual date of publication, we have combined the January and February numbers. This simply means, in the case of our regular subscribers, that their subscriptions are extended one month; in other words, that they will still receive twelve copies of the magazine.

We want to take this opportunity to thank those who have inquired about the delay, for the fine spirit of interest in which the inquiries were made. Each letter was a corroboration of the fact that the magazine is giving satisfaction and that it is missed if it happens to be a bit overdue.

Last month we asked for suggestions for articles, and the response was generous. Again we ask that you write in and tell us what you would like to see in the magazine. It is your magazine, and what it contains will depend to a large extent upon whether you have the interest and initiative to write in and tell us what you want.

TALK IS CHEAP

We all know the fellow whose tongue hangs on a swivel. He talks a blue streak but gets nowhere. True, there are delightful conversationalists, but these are not the kind who are cheapening their conversation by offering it to Tom, Dick, and Harry at every street-corner.

Silence is golden, said the wise man. He took just three words to say it.

Don't be a clam, but if you want to chatter, join a zoo.

Take time to think, and give the other fellow a chance to think.

One of Lincoln's famous stories is of the Mississippi steam boat which had so large a whistle and so small a boiler that every time the whistle blew, the boat stopped.

Don't let your talking interfere with your thinking.

From My Indian Diary

Having to Do With an American Forester, the Bengal Jungles, and Wild Elephants

By Carroll V. Sweet

WE WERE enjoying our afternoon tea on the veranda of a forest bungalow in the jungles of Bengal and discussing the affairs of the outside world. Subconsciously I was trying to adjust myself to the point of view of my host, an Oxford graduate in forestry and Deputy Conservator of Forests in His Majesty's service, who talked of strange subjects—the Chelmsford reforms and non-cooperation, the effects of black-water fever, American logging machinery, and the condition of the tea market.

My host had just finished telling of the rampages of a rogue tusker that had been making a nuisance of himself of late by

PRISONERS FROM THE JUNGLES
"Suddenly we were confronted by twelve gray bulks separated from us by a frail-looking palisade of saplings lashed together by cane and creepers."

coming out of the jungle on the road to charge the native bullock carts and make off with their loads of rice, when word came by runner that a herd of twelve wild elephants had been rounded up and driven into a stockade on the edge of the division. I was as excited as any Westerner would be at the prospect of seeing a catch of wild elephants and was ready to travel all night, if necessary, to reach the stockade at once.

But my host had seen wild elephants before and was more interested in figuring out the amount of revenue that this round-up would mean to his division. The market for sound working elephants was good. If there were not too many calves in the herd, they should bring at auction an average of 3,000 rupees apiece, delivered at the foot of the hills. Fifty per cent must go to the government, 25 per cent to the head *shikari*, by whose skill the catch had been made possible, and 25 per cent to the credit of the division. This, with the other two catches which the *shikari* had mede during the year, would net the division more revenue than his departmental thinning and fellings.

Early the next morning we started on elephants to the stockade, back in the hills twenty miles away. The exhilaration of rolling along through heavy forest undergrowth ten feet above its entanglements and the possibility of seeing a tiger or stray rhino added a thrill to the cool freshness of the January morning and the sweetness of the after-breakfast pipe. After an hour's travel across country through the heavy *sal forest*, we came out on a bullock-cart road which led over a crude wooden-bridge to the main highway, at the edge of the forest. As my elephant approached the bridge he stopped and, putting one front foot on the bridge, tapped it gently, to estimate whether or not it was strong enough to carry his weight. Deciding that he did not care to risk it, he turned aside and cautiously forded the stream, while the mahout shrugged his shoulders resignedly and explained in his jungle dialect that a good elephant never could be made to cross anything which would not bear his weight. There is surely nothing human in the appearance of an elephant, but his intelligence and behavior are often uncanny.

From the highway we had our first glimpse of the real character of the country through which we had to pass. For mile after mile we could see nothing but tea, tea, tea—closely cropped and squarely trimmed bushes in straight rows three feet apart, growing in the light shade of feather-foliaged acacia trees. The evidence of the intensive cultivation of the tea bushes and the delicacy of the purple-tinged acacia trees overshadowing them contrasted strikingly with the ruggedness of the Himalayas, which rose abruptly from the plains in the background. It seemed congruous enough to be riding elephants through such country, but highly improbable to me that within fifteen miles we should see a herd of wild elephants in their natural surroundings.

We headed through the tea gardens for a deep cut in the hills and rode until noon up what, in the West, we call a "canyon". The bed of the canyon, or *nulla*, was thickly grown with fine trees of strange nomenclature, but which might have been ash, or elm, or gum, judging from their gross characteristics and appearance.

At intervals we passed typical Himalayan lumber camps, consisting of two or three Chinese-looking Indians, who were felling or had felled a tree, butt foremost, down the steep slope into the bottom. There, supported at one end, three or four

HEADQUARTERS
A forest bungalow for the use of the forest officers on tour in Bengal. The living quarters are upstairs—as far away as possible from the dampness and malarial mosquitos.

ARE THERE GOOD ROADS IN INDIA?

There are thousands of miles of highway as good as this, and such avenues of beautiful shade trees as can be found in few countries. Law provides that all public highways shall be planted with suitable shade trees.

feet above the ground, it was being converted inch by inch into clean, well-manufactured boards by means of a double-handled rip-saw of antique design—one sawyer standing upright on the log and the other squatting on the ground underneath. The day's cut consists of but a few boards, but it is by such methods that much of the timber of India is converted.

Soon after noon we left our elephants behind at the head of the *nulla* and struck into rough country to the north, led on by a stockily built, scantily clad hillman, who had come to meet the sahibs. After a couple of hours of clambering through the roughest country I ever saw and at a pace I hope never to have to repeat, we began to reach the summits of the outer ranges of the hills. The prospect of seeing wild elephants at this elevation and in such rough country seemed slight to me, for I had always associated wild elephants with low-lying swampy country. Frankly, I began to think that this was a "leg-pull", and that I was merely being initiated into the humor of the East.

But from the distance on the shoulder of a ridge we began to hear the bellowing of the elephants in the stockade and the ring of the axes of the scores of natives who were busy cutting fresh food for their hungry but unwilling guests. In spite of the reassuring sound of the axes, if there had not been two men ahead of me and one behind, I never should have gone nearer that uproar in the jungle. But we pushed on through undergrowth which showed no evidence whatever of ever having been disturbed by man or beast, until suddenly we were confronted by twelve gray bulks, separated from us by a frail-looking palisade of saplings buried in the ground at one end and lashed together with cane and creepers. The stockade was so much a part of the jungle that we had almost run into it without observing it.

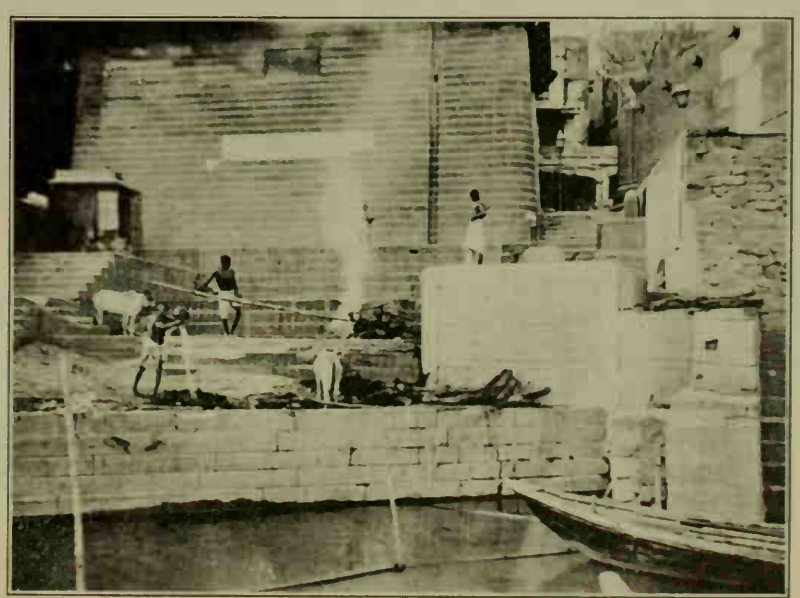
The elephants were giving expression to their violent distaste for their predicament by tossing their trunks into the air and bellowing, flapping their huge ears, and rocking rhythmically from side to side. The palisade of saplings was an insufficient barrier between them and us to give much assurance of safety, for it was perfectly obvious that a good swipe of even one trunk would smash the saplings into toothpicks. The palisade was mostly for looks. The actual security and restraint lay both in the crowded condition of the stockade—for a ring of forty feet in diameter does not give much room for twelve elephants to start a stampede—and in the trench, five feet deep, which surrounded the stockade just inside the palisade. An elephant abhors a trench or pit of any sort, because of his clumsiness in negotiating even a small jump. He is built for running and not for jumping.

But in spite of the congestion, the trench, and the wall, the elephants apparently were not fully reconciled to their fate, and if it had not been for the sharp jabs from the iron spikes in the hands of the natives, who leaned over the palisade to chastise them for merely turning an eye toward the wall, they probably would have charged and made off into the jungle in a twinkling.

It was fascinating sport to lean over the edge of the arena and watch the maneuvers of the captives and captors; but we were advised to take up a safer position in a "crow's nest" in a neighboring tree, inasmuch as the white faces and helmets of the sahibs might infuriate the elephants into undesirable activity.

Comfortably installed in the *machan*, which had been bfluilt for the use of thes head *shikari*, in his day-and-night supervision of the activities below, we listened to the interpretation of his story of the drive. His party consisted of fifty picked men, experienced at the work and trained from boyhood by their fathers before them. A fortnight before, word had come to the village that a herd had been located. At first the men had spread themselves out over a large area, so that gradually but loosely they might surround the herd. It was for the shikari to determine in which direction the elephants were headed and how they should be driven, or rather guided, so as to get them to go toward the stockade, miles away, without knowing that they were being directed. If the wily animals began to suspect that they were being driven, they would be off as quickly and quietly as deer. It is difficult to believe that an elephant can move silently and rapidly in the jungle, but I have been told by those who have been charged that, if necessary, an elephant can get through dry jungle as easily and noiselessly as any light-footed beast in the forest.

During the first stages of the journey to the stockade the drivers had to be conspicuous by their absence and silence. The cracking of a stick, a low whistle, or cough at the psychological moment was all that was necessary to give the desired im-



THE "BURNING GHAT"

An important wood-consuming institution in the holy city of Benares. Sandalwood is worth almost its weight in silver, for every Hindu aspires to have his dead body burned on a funeral pyre consisting of at least one stick of this precious wood. After the body is burned, the ashes are thrown into the Ganges and water is poured upon the charred wood to save as much as possible for future use.

petus to the drive. At this stage the men were doing little more than following the herd and suggesting the way that it should go. At the end of the tenth day, after having followed the elephants incessantly mile after mile, uphill and down, the men had guided the herd into the valley which concealed the stockade. Then they began to close in and let their

A NATIVE "CAR"

Forest officers often tour by bullock cart in India when the temperature is 110 in the shade. Much of the timber has to be hauled on such carts. The oval shows a native portage. The canoe used to be a bear in the Himalayas, now it is just bare skin tied tightly at all extremities and blown full of air. When floating in the water it will carry the weight of two men—dry feet not guaranteed.

presence be known to the herd, maneuvering for position, beating drums, yelling, and creating a general pow-wow, until the elephants, in desperation, plunged down the hillside through the jungle toward the stockade.

Escape at the sides was impossible, because of the diverging wings of the stockade, which, carefully camouflaged with brush and foliage, kept them in a straight and ever-narrowing path toward the gate itself. Retreat was out of the question because of the bedlam of noises in the rear and the lines of brush fire that had been started. The only safe spot was ahead, in the neck of the bottle, and in the elephants went. The heavy log gate closed with a bang by a simple but ingenious spring—a healthy sapling bent to the ground, which when its restraining fastening was cut, straightened and pulled the gate home—and the drive was finished.

I would have gladly delayed my tour into the Darjeeling Division for the sake of seeing the elephants taken from the stockade, but my transport for five days' marches had been arranged for weeks previously, and one travels on schedule through Indian jungles or else does not travel at all. But to listen to the story as told by my friend, the conservator, as we sat drinking a late tea before starting for camp, was almost as good as the real thing, for my host had had years of experience with elephants and had the reputation of knowing more about the Indian Service. Instead of witnessing one tussle, I got the thrills of many—when things went right and when things went wrong.

The elephants have to be diligently watched every minute of the day and night, until suitable tame elephants can be rounded up from the surrounding country and brought to the stockade. Then the real fun begins. The most troublesome one of the herd in the stockade is singled out to be made an example of, and a reliable elephant and mahout enter the arena and bear down upon him with full force. Bullfights are illegal, even in Asia, but this is all part of the day's work. The unruly one is pushed, squeezed, beaten, goaded, gored, and generally humiliated by his tame cousin, who delights in his role and shows great intelligence and initiative in his pursuits. If one trained elephant is not enough to humble the wild one, another is sent in to help. When the wild spirit is broken, a truce is called, and the same medicine is administered to each of the others in turn, until they all are fairly quiet and accustomed to the presence and behavior of their civilized relatives.

They are then considered to be in the proper mood to be taken out of the stockade. Each wild one is chained between two tame ones and led out into the jungle to the sales depot. In this case it was necessary to guide the trio of lumbering beasts down a mountain trail so narrow, rocky, and precipitous that a man on foot would have difficulty in negotiating it.

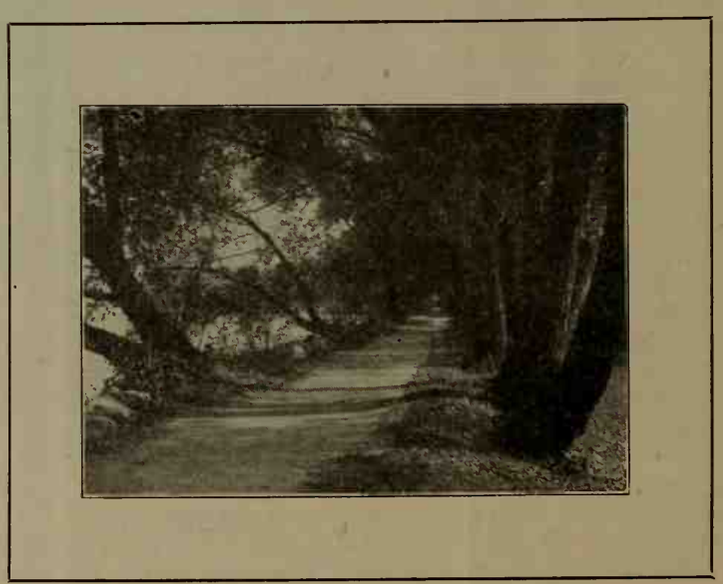
After about two weeks in captivity the elephants are sold, and then the real training begins. In six months' time the ordinary elephant is quite workable, and at the end of a year's time he is considered thoroughly tamed for ordinary work. If he has a nasty disposition, he may bolt at some critical moment, even after years of training, in which case neither the mahout's steel cudgel or anything else

TRANSPORTATION DE LUXE

The elephant and the bullock cart are by no means the only mode of transport. One rides in great comfort and even luxury on Indian railroads, but it is India through which he travels, even to the monkeys on the station platform.

short of a bullet from a 500 cordite under the corner of the jaw can stop his rampage.

(Reprinted from American Forests and Forest Life)



Oblivion—The Reward of Our First Governor

Grave of Nelson Dewey of the State of Wisconsin, Stands at Lancaster, as a Silent Testimony of the State's Neglect of Her First Statesman and State-Builder.

By Doris M. Berning

NELSON DEWEY

FIRST GOVERNOR OF
THE STATE OF
WISCONSIN

LEBANON CONNECTICUT
1814

CASSVILLE WISCONSIN
1889

THUS in a few words is told the history of Wisconsin's first governor. The Alpha and Omega,—seventy-five years of activity and state-making couched in a few chiseled characters on a small, grey, granite tomb-stone in a deserted and neglected churchyard at Lancaster, Wisconsin, tells the story of Dewey's years of active duty for the great and prosperous commonwealth.

In the cemetery which is a part of a city lot in Lancaster, and which was presented by Nelson Dewey himself, to Emanuel Episcopal church, is the grave of the first governor. The cemetery is no longer used for burial.

"The friends and relatives of every single person buried here," according to the Rev. William O. Johnson, rector of Emanuel parish, "are dead and gone. Years have passed and the place has grown to weeds, the lots are sunken, the markers are broken and gathered into piles under the trees or along the remnants of a former fence, and children playing in the churchyard romp and frolic over the quiet graves, mutilating the fragile marble and sandstone markers."

The only care taken of this spot which might and ought to be a shrine of Wisconsin people is the annual cutting of grass and weeds, the funds for such care being secured by private contributions from members of the church.

Hundreds for the Living But Not a Cent for Dewey

"The record of his life and public services is interwoven with the history of the state," said Justice S. U. Pinney, in an eloquent eulogy at the governor's grave in 1889. "There is no need, therefore, of massive monument of granite, or polished shaft of marble, to keep alive in the memory of our people his name, character, and public services.

"His monument, like that of his contemporaries, the early pioneers, who sleep here with him, is the result of his labors. We have but to look around us and observe them; and see what was builded and developed so well . . . Governor Nelson Dewey, full of years and earthly honors, possessed of the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens throughout the State, has gone to his rest."

MUTE TESTIMONY OF NEGLECT

The State of Wisconsin voted $1,500 for an oil painting of ex-Governor Emanuel L. Philipp, according to the Rev. William Dawson of Madison, and the tomb of the first governor of the State, Nelson Dewey, in the city of Lancaster, is in a condition no better than if it were in a potters' field.

"Perhaps the State of Wisconsin is ignorant of affairs," Mr. Dawson continues in a letter of protest to the State Historical Society, "but it shall be ignorant no longer.

"Go to Lancaster and see for yourself. In front of the Court House there stands a splendid monument of the man who was the first choice of the Wisconsin electorate for its first governor, and who was for two consecutive terms, June 27, 1848, until January 5, 1852, its chief executive."

The monument of which the Rev. Mr. Dawson speaks was erected at some expense to the citizens of the State. Work on it was begun in 1917. It is now completed in bronze and granite, a worthy memorial to a worthy citizen.

Across on the next street the property for almost an entire block belongs to the Episcopal church, a gift from Governor Dewey to the parish of which he was the first senior warden. On this lot are a guild hall, a rectory, a church, and a cemetery no longer used.

Many of the tombstones are down and the little graveyard, the last resting place of many of Grant County's pioneer dead, is strewn with broken bits of marble—a pathetic reminder of a generation which is gone—a generation which no longer has relatives and friends to care for their lonely lots.

His Simple Home Is at Lancaster

Among these graves and broken marble tablets is the grave of Nelson Dewey. Seeking the reasons for this neglect, one finds that the church, which is small, has no funds, and that the citizens of Lancaster take little or no interest in the matter.

"One is lead to ask," said the Rev. Mr. Dawson, commenting on the state of the place, "why this splendid memorial has been placed in the Court House square while within a stone's throw of the square is the grave of the man himself."

The simple home of the Governor stands a block from the square, a modest little house with blinking green shutters, and is now occupied by strangers. Older citizens of the town still recall the days when "Nelson" was one of them.

"Coming to the territory of Wisconsin immediately upon its organization, Governor Dewey became at once prominent in public affairs," according to the "History of Grant County", "a member of both houses of the legislature at different times, and so strongly and favorably impressing himself, by his public career, upon the people, and upon public affairs that he was chosen as first governor of

THE SIMPLE HOME OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF OUR STATE

Wisconsin upon its admission into the Union.

"Upon him in a very large and important degree devolved the onerous duty of organizing the administrative and executive departments of the new government. With what skill and ability, with what rare judgment and discretion he discharged the delicate responsibilities of his high office is well known to all familiar with those events, and which was attested by the successful and harmonious operation of the newly organized government.

"As a governor he was our strong but tried and trusted chief; he bore aloft with sturdy and faithful hand the standard of the State, and maintained, without tarnish or stain, its honor and dignity."

Here lies one of the leaders of one of the nation's new commonwealths, one for four perilous years at the helm of the State whose motto is "Forward".

Although the matter has been referred to leaders interested in the marking and preservation of historical places and landmarks, nothing definite has been done because of the lack of funds which must be either raised through private contribution or through direct State legislation.

Henry Ringling Gruff, but Kindly

By O. D. Brandenburg

ONCE upon a time, some eight years ago, Henry Ringling of circus fame performed a fine act of generous good fellowship for a friend at Baraboo, this friend being Martin F. Foley, companion on many a fishing excursion. Henry was the youngest and physically the biggest of the famous brotherhood of showmen, and notoriously gruff, taciturn, unsocial. He rarely spoke, and always looked glum. Indeed, it was commonly said of him that he was chronically discontented because no new circus features seemed possible. But he had a big, kindly heart, just the same; and here is a bit of evidence in point:

Foley, one fall, was up in North Dakota on a mission connected with his great nursery at Baraboo, and, reaching home, found unusually frigid weather which promised to freeze deeply that very night. In his nursery were 42,000 small apple trees, about two feet tall, that must be dug instantly and gotten into the sheltering warehouse for early spring delivery. Should they now be frozen in, such delivery would be utterly defeated. Only the precious afternoon remained. What should he do? To be sure, he had a team or two, but they could not possibly operate the heavy mechanical digger that must be drawn under the trees, eighteen inches deep, severing the still deeper roots.

That very day the Ringling circus had returned to its winter quarters from the south, and Foley had an inspiration. Could he not get his friend to loan him some big teams? So up to Henry's house he posted hastily. Responding to his ring, Henry himself opened the door and with characteristic abruptness growled, "Well, what do you want?"

Foley, with some hesitation, outlined his predicament; and could Henry let him have about ten strong draft horses just for this afternoon? If not, he was slated for a grievous loss,— his whole season's orders for apple trees forfeited.

"What!" snorted Ringling. "Never did such a thing in our lives—never! But, let's see," still growling ominously; "it's now noon. There'll be five teams at the nursery at 1 o'clock and it won't cost you a cent either!"

Foley repaired to the nursery a mile below town, and exactly at 1, ten big white horses, a circusman astride of each, came looming up over the hill, Henry Ringling in his motor car leading. Quickly they were attached to the ponderous digger, whose two heavy curved blades, something like plowshares, were pulled along beneath the trees by the horses in single file, five in either row, the riders in position to guide them carefully to prevent trampling of the trees.

"Hear the roots go!" grumbled Ringling, watching the process with grim satisfaction, while the crackling continued. "That brings 'em!"

And indeed it did, the heavy horses moving up and down the rows, steadily and without apparent effort, till in three hours the uprooting was entirely finished. Then Ringling and his horses moved homeward over the hill toward winter quarters. That night before sleep Foley and his own workmen had the 42,000 seedlings safe under cover, ready for shipping in the spring.

Next day Foley reappeared at the Ringling house.

"There's no pay, didn't I tell you, and there isn't; but,"—the same gentle qualifying old but,—"buy a box of 10-cent cigars, not 5's, and take 'em down to the boys. That'll do."

"Why did he do it?" mused Foley. "Just because he was a darn good fellow. That's why; and not so many people knew it either."

THE SONG BESIDE THE SEA

'Tis said at eventide beside the sea
Where fishermen have toiled throughout the day,
The women gather in the twilight hour
And send a hymn of cheer across the bay.
Then pausing when a stanza has been sung,
They hear the answer borne across the foam.
The weary fishermen have caught the strain,
And answer singing as they journey home.

Have you sent out your song upon the sea.
The Sea of Life where brothers toil today?
Oh, send it out! The world has need of song
To cheer its toilers on their homeward way.
Yes, send it out, a song breathed from the heart,
A song of love and faith, serene and true.
And, lo, from out across the Sea of Life,
A song in answer will come back to you.

—By Mabel Brown Denison

The Northland

By Mabel Brown Denison

Heigh-oh for the Spring in the Northland fair,
For the Spring in the land I love,
With the greenest of earth beneath our feet
And the bluest of skies above.
The flowers are blooming on every hand,
There's a bird-song in every tree,
There's a breath of joy in the perfumed air—
Oh, in Springtime, the North for me.

Heigh-oh for the North of the Summer days,
When the call of the trail is clear;
When the way winds on with its glad delights
Of beauties both far and near.
There are limpid lakes where the lilies sleep,
There are streams where the trout leaps free.
Oh, the call of the trail, the lake, the wood—
In the Summer, the North for me.

"There are streams where the trout leap free."

"Heigh-oh for the gleam of the Northland's snows—"

Heigh-oh for the gleam of the Northland's snows,
And the glare of the ice's sheen;
For the click of the skates as they skim the ice,
And the ring of a laugh between;
For the skating fire with its brands heaped high
While the flames leap wild and free.
In the Winter, as ever throughout the year,
The joys of the North for me.

Heigh-oh for the North when the Autumn's wealth
Is spread with such lavish hand;
When the morning hangs in a golden haze
O'er the glow of a golden land.
When colors that rival the artist's brush
Are seen on each field and tree,
And the air is hushed with a stillness sweet—
In the Autumn, the North for me.

"There are limpid lakes where the lilies sleep."

Martini's—A Quaint Coffee House

By Marcelia C. Neff

ALL the unpretentious charm of an old time coffee-house lives again in two small rooms of a modest building, a half block from Milwaukee's city hall. Here it is that actors and actresses from the near-by Pabst theater make merry over steaming hot cups of coffee and plates of "kuchen," that long-haired artists and musicians come in for a friendly pipe and chat, that doctors, lawyers, and business men gather together for discussion and banter, that newspaper and magazine folk drop in for perhaps a cup of rich chocolate and "torten." Over all is a harmless dash of Bohemia, mingled with a bit of the picturesque and the quaint.

In some mysterious fashion the spirit of old Milwaukee also hovers in the inner of the two rooms where the marble-topped tables, innocent of linen, are the centers for the meeting of friends.

A whole city has grown up around Martini's coffee-house in the span of forty-two years. The dashing young men of 1881 are now grey-haired and it is their tobacco smoke which forms two thirds of the blue haze ever present in the room. Every day a number of friends meet at a certain table always reserved for them. It is known as the "stammtisch," or group of congenial friends.

In the outer room the famous wares of Martini's are spread out in tempting array. Passing through an arched doorway one comes to the inner room of the tables. Here the walls are just mellow enough and creamy enough to captivate the fancy of the uninitiated and to be home-like to the old patrons. People of all callings have found Martini's a place of joyous satisfaction during success and a solace during failure or disappointment.

In 1876 the son of the Hof Conditor, or purveyor-to-the-king, Gustave Martini, came to America from Potsdam. It was in an old basement in Milwaukee that he first made his "kuchen" and his "torten," and the other German delicacies, so dear to those from the fatherland. After years of success, when Mr. Martini and his daughters returned to Germany, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martini kept up the thread of continuity, which remained unbroken for 17 years. At the present time, Miss Clara Koeppel, a cousin, directs the management of the coffee-house from one small desk at the back of the two rooms.

One afternoon, just after the 4 o'clock rush, as the German waitresses were busily clearing the chocolate and coffee cups from the tables and brushing up the crumbs, Miss Koeppel paused long enough in her work to explain the "stammtisch."

"They meet every afternoon at 3 o'clock, this group of friends. There are perhaps forty of them all told, and if someone cannot come one day, he arranges to meet his friends there the next. Every day some of them always meet, and a few have come in daily for 30 years.

"They represent men from all circles in Milwaukee," Miss Koeppel said, nodding at the same time to a customer who had just come in.

"Yes, the torten and the cakes follow the old German recipes. During the Christmas holidays, the cookies and cakes are sent all over the world, including Germany, Denmark, Palestine, China, the Hawaiian Islands, and Switzerland.

"It's seeing so many people all the time that is so interesting," confided Miss Koeppel.

And that is exactly what Mrs. Frank Martini said.

"I miss the people and the chats," she said. "In the old days it was different. The old people were more companionable then, and now the younger generation is not as willing to sit down and chat."

Mr. Martini laughed and said meditatively—"What tales we could tell over a cup of coffee——".

In Edna Ferber's "Dawn O'Hara," the strange little restaurant is pictured and immortalized. Somehow, one wants to feel that in Martini's there will always be knots of men, spirals of tobacco smoke, trays of delicious cakes, steaming coffee, and the indomitable spirit of friendship.

Winter Fairies

A Story for the Little Folks

By Alice Lutes

I SUPPOSE you children thought there weren't any kind of fairies but the ones that hide in flowers and under ferns in the summer time. But it seems there are winter fairies too—or at least Donnie says there are. And this is how it came about:

Just the night before, mamma had told him a sleepy-time tale as he lay in his little bed. It was a story about winter fairies and King New Year, who, on New Year morning, gave everybody in the world a new book with a page for every day in it, on each of which was to be written everything the owner of the book did each day.

He 'most knew that fairies of some sort must work in the woods in winter time. Else how did all these diamonds come to be there on the snow? And how did all that white, powdery frost and diamonds get on the evergreen trees?

He made up his mind to watch for those fairies this very afternoon. So when mamma had put his warm, woolen leggings on his little, short legs and a warm cap over his little, pink ears, he slipped very quietly into the woods by the milk house, and sitting down on a log with his back against a tree, he waited and watched for the fairies to come.

Now, Donnie should have been taking his afternoon nap in his little bed that very minute, but mamma was so busy ironing clothes and watching her bread, which was baking in the oven, that she had no time to attend to this matter.

Sitting so quietly in the woods all alone made him feel drowsy, somehow, and he had to rub his eyes very hard at times to keep them open.

"I just don't believe there are any winter fairies at all," said he crossly, giving his eyes another rub and leaning his head against the tree.

"Oh, yes there are," said a voice as clear as silvery sleigh bells. "Only we were waiting for you to keep your eyes shut before we came out."

"Why, how could I see you, then?" asked Donnie, looking in every direction for the owner of the voice.

"You will never see us unless you shut them, just the same," laughed the silvery little voice. "And now that you have shut them, turn around this way."

Donnie did as he was told to do, and would you believe it!—

There, dancing about on the snow before him was a tiny, white fairy who was covered all over with sparkling diamond powder.

"I am the Queen of the Frost Fairies," said she, "and there are my helpers, or rather, subjects."

The instant she ceased speaking, a very large number of Frost Fairies like herself began dropping gently over and around Dennie.

"Mortals like you call us snow flakes but we are really winter fairies," said the Frost Queen. "Here are some more of my subjects," said she, as hundreds upon hundreds of bright, sparkling, little sprites danced their way through the air and settled all around him.

"These are the Diamond Dust Fairies," said the Queen, as they danced up to Donnie and held out their pearl cups full of bright, shining, diamond powder for him to see.

"Next, come my Pearl Fairies," said the Queen, as a large number of snow white sprites fluttered down at his feet and held up tiny cups, in which were melted pearls and silver brushes.

Donnie was so astonished at the wonderful things he was seeing that he could not utter a word, but just as he was about to ask what the melted pearls were used for, the Queen continued:

"And now comes the king of them all; he is called King New Year, and is very powerful. This is New Year's eve and the Old Year is still king, but by midnight King New Year will have overpowered him and after driving him away will take the throne for a whole year. Behold King New Year!"

Slowly a misty form floated down from somewhere and settled lightly on the snow before the half frightened little boy. Over its head and body was a queer, silvery veil made of moonlight, and in its hands was a large book. For a few seconds it stood looking down at Donnie silently, then it began in a soft, low voice:

"I am the New Year. Tomorrow I will be king. To everybody in the world I shall give a book like this with clean white pages in it. Each book is to represent a year, and the pages, of which there are 365, are the days in this wonderful book. On these white pages what you do each day is written down, so be careful what you do, for it will surely be recorded.

"Every year you get a new, clean book.

(Continued on page 38)

The Recreation Movement

A History of the Spread of the Playground Idea Through the United States

By Guy S. Lowman
Professor of Physical Education
University of Wisconsin

THOUSANDS HAVE NO BETTER ENVIRONMENT THAN THIS FOR PLAY

THE PLAY and recreation movement now afoot throughout the United States is an outgrowth of social conditions in our larger cities. It was promoted to meet the community requirements of centers of population, where a readjustment was needed both as to the play of children and as to the recreational activities of youths and adults. Since then it has spread still further, so that now in the broader sense it meets the social situation in both urban and rural communities. It seeks adjustment through organization of social activities and through constructive use of leisure time.

The movement has swept the country within twenty years, although it really is about half a century old. Its greatest and most rapid advance has been within ten years, during which it has been a great, beneficent wave for the purpose of national vitality and better future citizenship. In 1908 there were but 90 playgrounds in the United States, while at present more than 900 cities are interested in the promotion of playgrounds, and the number of playgrounds and recreation centers is over 6000.

The growth of the movement is illustrated also by the great increase in support by public funds. All our larger cities have laws calling for the encouragement of such centers. Many states, also, have taken up the idea and have passed legislation for the support and maintenance of the movement.

The present widespread interest in play is not properly to be termed a "fad", nor is it to be confused with the ideas which, in somewhat similar fashion, catch the fancy of a nation for a time, spread rapidly, and almost as rapidly die out. The movement is a logical awakening to truths long known but for a time forgotten or disregarded. There always have been many who recognized the value of play, however slow the majority of us have been to realize that play is a vital part of child life.

Froebel said, "There often is a high meaning in childish play." Someone else has said, "They fall into error who despise all that a child does as frivilous, for nothing is trifling that forms a part of a child's life. Emerson summed up the idea in an epigram: "Send your boys to school and they get their education on their way." Plato, long before, had recognized the physical and social value of play, and even had urged state legislation concerning games for children.

It may seem strange that it has taken us so long to understand the truth regarding play, and the place that play and recreation should hold in the lives of our people. Some may think to blame schools for not taking an active part earlier in spreading the movement. But we must remember that our educational system grew up under radically

BRINGING THE PONDS AND BROOKS INTO THE LIVES OF OUR CITY CHILDREN

different conditions from those in other countries and those in this country today. Here in our new world the struggle for existence and supremacy afforded, during many generations, ample opportunity for physical activity. There was, in fact, little or no time for leisure and amusement. The few weeks in each year that could be given to school were devoted to serious study. When our system of public schools was founded, 95 per cent of the people lived in the country—lived out of doors, worked out of doors, played out of doors. Naturally they were healthy and strong. That which they lacked was opportunity for social activities and for reading and study, and it was to meet this need that schools and colleges were established. It is not surprising, therefore, that no serious consideration was given to the physical welfare of the children or to their play. Games had little place in this system.

FIELD DAY STUNTS ON THE PLAYGROUND

The last fifty years have seen a greater change in our manner of living than the race had ever experienced in any thousand-year period. Manufacturing became dominant instead of agriculture. Cities grew more rapidly than rural communities. Industry became enormously specialized. More than half of our population now lives in cities, and a large proportion of them still work and live almost wholly indoors.

Playing, which is so simple a matter in the country, is far more difficult in a city. Cities were built for adults; their streets, houses, walks, lawns and parks were intended, primarily, for grown up folk. Children are prohibited—and properly enough—from playing active games like baseball in the streets. Lawns are fenced and guarded against young intruders. Until recent times the "Keep Off the Grass" sign was considered an essential part of every park's equipment.

As cities developed, timid children were driven indoors to sedentary forms of amusement. For a time it was not uncommon to find large numbers of children who didn't know how to play at all. The more vigorous youths formed gangs and sought their recreation by thefts and other crimes. In addition, the length of the school terms, and hence of the indoor life of the child, was lengthened from the original tnree to six months a year to ten or twelve.

The establishment of playground and recreation centers, therefore, is a justifiable and logical attempt to meet present-day needs. Whatever opposition to organized play there may have been during the early history of the movement, on the grounds that it was "frivolous" or for other reasons, has been silenced by the unqualified success of the playground.

The results have been many and obvious. Bringing together of diverse groups of children, representing many nationalities and walks of life, upon the common level of the playground, is doing more than any other one thing to Americanize our great foreign populations. The physical condition of our city children is improving. Juvenile crime has dropped 60 to 90 per cent in cities where playgrounds have been established and encouraged. The social value of playgrounds cannot be over-estimated. Playgrounds no longer are an experiment—if they ever were. They have demonstrated their worth and have taken a permanent place among the public enterprises of municipalities. Every large city now is appropriating funds to establish new playgrounds and to increase the efficiency of those already established.

PATRIOTISM DEVELOPED ON THE PLAYGROUND

The history of the movement has been divided, perhaps arbitrarily, into several periods. Generally it is conceded that the movement began in the United States in the Sand Garden of Boston about 1886. In its initial stage the movement was largely related to the welfare of the smaller children its primary motive being to keep such children away from the streets. Hence provision was made for children of pre-adolescent age only, and the centers were maintained only during vacation periods and for a part of each day. The outdoor equipment consisted of sand heaps or boxes, often without anything else. Supervision was left to the caretaker, and little constructive atten-

RELIEF FROM THE TERRIFIC HEAT IN OUR LARGER CITIES

tion was paid to how the children made use of their time.

It is interesting to note the various channels through which the movement gained momentum in its early stages. This mobement, now recognized as one of the great humanizing efforts of the generation, passed through a period of sporadic, philanthropic support before it finally caught the attention of municipalities, and was still older before states and the national government began to heed it. In each of its stages, however, the movement spread, enlarging both its scope and its extent.

For ten years it spread only through occasional interest in the success of the Sand Gardens. Between 1895 and 1900, however, there came a definite molding of the idea. This was a period of model playgrounds. Conscious efforts were made in many places to construct playgrounds that should be perfect—perfect with respect to equipment, supervision and activities. The idea was enlarged, also, so as to include adolescent youth as well as children. Usually playgrounds were connected with settlement houses. There began at this time, too, a definite attempt to develop a spirit of loyalty and a proper standard of behavior through team games, and an effort to classify games according to ages—showing that the educational value of games, as well as their recreational value, was being recognized.

Later in this period there came recognition of the need for play among those just past adolescence and among adults, and for play throughout the year instead of for a few months only. Cities, too, were taking over support of the playgrounds, relieving them from the uncertainties of miscellaneous philanthropies.

Late in the Nineties there was an agitation for numerous small square playgrounds and parks in densely populated districts of large cities. Interest was developed about this time, too, for provision of playgrounds in connection with school buildings and for the use of the public school playground for play facilities. It was in 1901 that the School Committee of Boston provided for community use of public school playgrounds.

Recognition of the need for play and recreation for adults as well as for children caused the period from 1900 to 1905 to be devoted largely to the construction of small parks equipped with out-door apparatus, play and athletic fields, comfort stations, and occasionally pavilions or small field houses. The small parks were favored in recognition of the need for centers that should be open to all classes of people at nearly all times. Correlation of these small parks followed naturally. At the beginning of this period the great South Park System in Chicago was initiated. Other cities in the Middle West which began promoting play and recreation centers during that period were Louisville, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and St. Louis. In the Far West there were Denver, Seattle, Spokane, and San Francisco, and in the East Washington, Boston, New York, Providence, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh.

Between 1905 and 1912 came a period often known as the Recreation Center Stage, marked by an attempt, through recreation centers, parks, and social centers in schools, to provide play and recreation for all kinds and ages of people throughout the whole year, indoors as well as outdoors. In park systems field houses were being added, and there was an agitation for the wider use of school plants for social centers. Provision was made for a wider scope of activity and of play than in any of the preceding stages. There were many more social activities, such as parties, dances, story-telling and dramatic clubs, choral, instrumental and musical programs. Civic interests also were aroused, and opportunity for expression was made possible through social centers in schools.

The idea of participation, as contrasted with mere amusement, spread during this stage. Individuals and groups were enabled to make their own recreation,

(Continued on page 38)

PYRAMID BUILDING ON THE PLAYGROUND

Mound Builders Influence Beloit School

Long Vanished Race Shapes College Course

By May L. Bauchle

BECAUSE the founders of Beloit College chose the spot upon which the Mound Builders had lived and died, to place their Temple of Learning, the whole course of that school has been guided into a line of research which has brought it a wide-spread reputation.

In the early days when there were few buildings, the mounds were more noticeable than they are today, and led the first students and teachers to investigate. Some thousand mounds lie along the river in this locality and have yielded rich treasure in Indian lore. Whether the students were naturally of a scientific turn of mind we do not know, but whatever the reason, one great man after another has been developed at Beloit to go out into the world and bring glory to his Alma Mater.

Antiquarians are Developed

Stephen Denison Peet graduated with the first class from Beloit. Few of his contemporaries appreciated the great mind of this scholar and the services he rendered to the students who were to follow him. Until this time, 1851, America had been so busy making history of its own, that no one had time to delve into the past. To Stephen D. Peet we owe the stimulus for all the study of the long vanished people, the so-called "Mound Builders". He it was who opened the mounds at Beloit and the Turtle Creek region and made the early maps including the first records of Aztalan. When his college course was finished he spent years in the Southwest and gave us our most authentic records of the Cliff Dwellers.

The first journal in America to be devoted exclusively to Archaeological subjects was the *American Antiquarian*, established and edited for many years by the Beloit man. His fame spread and he was invited to take part in the since famous discussion between Gladstone and Huxley on "The Days of Creation".

Thomas C. Chamberlain, one time President of the University of Wisconsin and even better known as head of the Geological Department of the University of Chicago, was the next man to get his start from the builders of Mounds. While Reverend Peet's investigations took him to the South, Professor Chamberlain was led to the North. In 1894 he was geologist of the Peary Relief Expedition. Following that he became editor of the *Journal of Geology* and President of the Illinois Academy of Science. A contemporary of Chamberlain and also his friend and fellow worker became almost as famous.

MEMORIAL HALL, NEW LOGAN MUSEUM, BELOIT

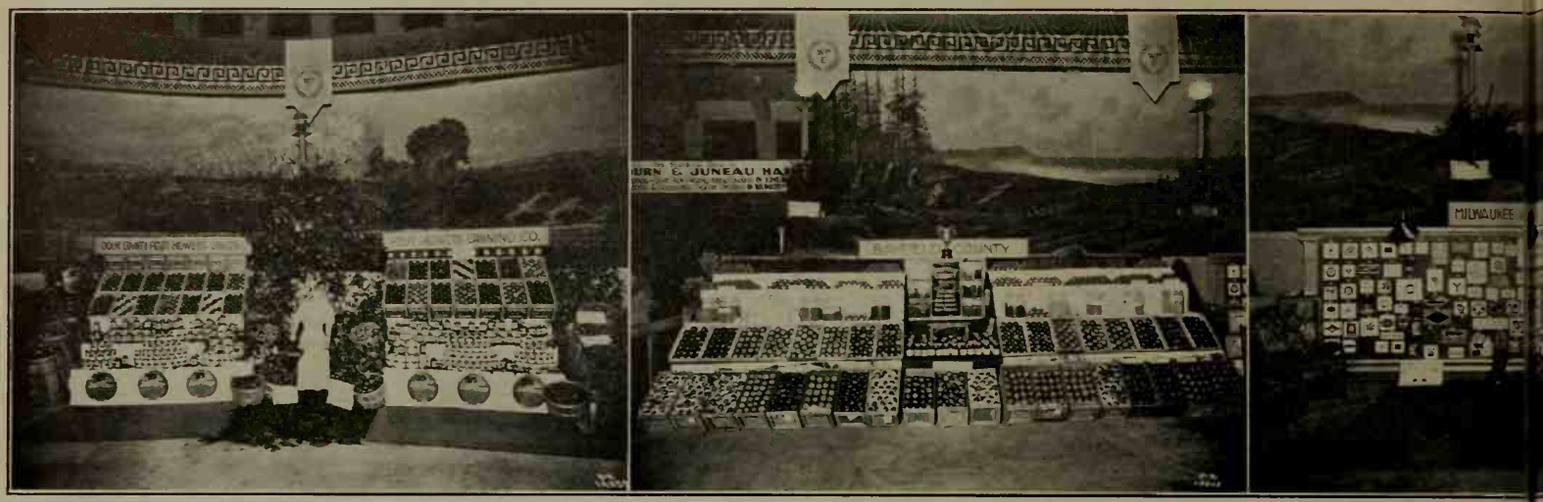
Rollin D. Salisbury of the class of '81, Beloit, became Professor of Geology of the University of Wisconsin and afterward head of the same department at the University of Chicago. His classmate, George L. Collie, holds the geologic chair at Beloit at the present time, and the only reason that he too has not followed his friends to Chicago is that he has given his life to the upbuilding of his department and it means more to him than anything Chicago has to offer.

Two young graduates, trained under Professor Collie, are bringing fame to Beloit today. Robert H. Becker, whose contributions to the annals of the Wisconsin Archaeological Society are the results of minute investigation and are very valuable, has made two trips into the heart of South America for the Field Museum, and an extensive expedition into the great Northwest to collect mammals for the United States Biological Survey. The summer of 1922 he spent in Alaska for a Chicago newspaper and he is now preparing a book upon the land of the Eskimo.

The other Beloit explorer is Roy Chapman Andrews, Associate Curator of Mammals for the American Museum of New York City. He is now on his third trip of exploration into the wilds of Asia. He is known throughout the world for his archaeological explorations.

Logan Museum Originally Built as Memorial Hall

Following the Civil War a sum of money was raised by the citizens and Alumni of Beloit to build a memorial to the four hundred men who went to battle. The building stands on the College Campus. It is modern gothic and shaped of cream colored rough hewn Batavia stone. It is a fitting memorial to the early soldiers and has now also become a memorial to those still older citizens of the Campus, the "Mound Builders". A number of years ago, through the liberality of Frank G. Logan, of Chicago, the nucleus of a museum was established. To this museum Mr. Logan has given generously and it was named for him and permanently located in Memorial Hall.



The 1923 Wisconsi

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SEVENTY thousand Wisconsin people will testify that the Wisconsin Products Exposition was one of the most entertaining and instructive events they ever attended.

This means that during the seven days and eight evenings the exposition was in progress, last December 1 to 8, approximately seventy thousand visitors passed through the gates of the Milwaukee Auditorium.

Anyone who was there and saw the enthusiasm of the crowds and heard the exclamations of astonishment and approval would know that the exposition, then on its second year, is a success, and is immensely worth while.

It is to be assumed that nearly everyone in Wisconsin is to some extent familiar with the thought back of the exposition. Briefly, the objects may be summarized as follows:

To bring about a better understanding between the people of the country and the city, to bring them together in a great common enterprise and to show that after all it is the efforts of all of us that go to build up the commonwealth.

To build up a living, pulsating, authentic miniature Wisconsin with all its diversity of industry and products, creating a vivid lesson for the younger generation far more forceful than any book can be.

To arouse interest throughout the country and throughout the world in the products of Wisconsin.

To create an actual trading mart where the buyers of Wisconsin products can see them under one roof and in one place.

The Wisconsin Products Exposition aims to educate, to entertain, to build.

And what did these many visitors see that so filled them with astonishment and enthusiasm? Four great halls filled to overflowing with the products of Wisconsin farms and factories. The wheels of industry in actual operation in many of the booths. Well informed and eager attendants at the 300 booths ready to tell the story of their product. A great panorama 300 feet long encircling the south half of the arena as a background for the displays of products, a panorama, beautifully painted and lighted and exemplifying Wisconsin with absolute trueness to type and color. On the stage a wonderfully instructive and colorful entertainment, tableaux of great events in the history of the state, folk dances, and a ballet. A constant stream of people passing through the corridors, stopping to seek information at the booths, pausing to see the entertainment and getting a lasting impression of the resources and greatness of their state.

That is a bird's eye view of the 1923 Wisconsin Products Exposition.

Especially gratifying to the farm and business leaders who planned the exposition was the presence of a large number of children, not only from Milwaukee but from throughout the state. George F. Kull, secretary of the Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association, in a separate article, tells of one of the most successful phases of the exposition's educational program in the visit to Milwaukee of 125 children, representing almost every county, winners of an essay contest on the subject "My Best Opportunities Are in Wisconsin." Hundreds of children who were not essay contest winners were among the visitors. Public and parochial school children from Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha, Horicon, Port Washington, and other nearby cities attended. Teachers brought entire classes.

Every one of these children carried away a lasting constructive lesson. They were told of the great dairy land which produces three-quarters of the nation's cheese, of the world famous Wisconsin seed grains and seed potatoes, of the factories which turn out some of the most marvelous machines in the world; they saw important events in the state's history portrayed before their eyes.

I believe every child who saw the exposition learned a greater pride in his native state and will be a better citizen for it.

I am going to set down briefly here what some of the farm and business leaders of Wisconsin have to say of the exposition. The following are typical expressions:

J. D. Jones, Jr., Commissioner of the State Department of Agriculture — "The Wisconsin Products Exposition should have a particular significance to everyone who is interested in our splendid commonwealth. Few there are who have an adequate conception of the scope and extent of the agricultural, commercial and industrial activities carried on by the state today. Wisconsin is great because of her achievements, and the exposition presents some idea of that greatness. Tomorrow when the possibilities of her soil, her climate and her other splendid resources have been more fully realized Wisconsin will be an empire. The Wisconsin Products Exposition will be an inspiration to those who have faith in her future."

Former Governor E. L. Philipp, President of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce—"The Milwaukee Association of Commerce, as an organization, is giving to this exposition its whole hearted support for the association believes that this exposition presents a practical medium for achieving constructive results for the manufacturers and business interests of the state. It is attracting nationwide as well as statewide attention. Every member of this association manufacturing products in this state should ask himself the question: 'Can I afford not to participate in this movement and cooperate in this effort?'"

Edward Nordman, Commissioner of the Wisconsin Department of Markets—"The

Products Exposition

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object of this exposition, namely to bring the producers of all kinds of products and those of all shades of opinion together under one roof where for one week they will be compelled to see something of each other's problems and to acquire first hand knowledge of their mutual relationship in the affairs of industry as a whole. It is safe to say that this last proposition, namey, the mutuality of interest of the producers in industry, is the least understood and the most important of all the factors that make for industrial progress.

"Strange as it may seem, our producing elements are just beginning to understand this fact. . . . In other words, our producing elements are finding out that it pays to take an interest in each other's success and it is this spirit among farmers and manufacturers that promises much for the Wisconsin Products Exposition."

Of additional interest is the following statement made by President Coolidge when he was apprised of the aims and objects of the exposition:

"I am under obligation to you for writing me about the approaching annual Wisconsin Products Exposition. From your letter and from the literature accompanying it, I gather that you are planning a demonstration of the practical workings of a highly constructive and practical program.

"For a long time I have been convinced of the need of a nationwide development in behalf of cooperative merchandising of the very sort you are carrying on. There is undoubtedly a rapidly growing belief that the expansion of coöperative marketing effort, to embrace both the producing communities of the country and the consuming populations of the cities represents one of the most favorable modes of coping with the high cost of living and with the depressed situation in the agricultural industries.

"Convinced as I am that the exposition you are to hold in December will point the way to still further expansion of such activities, I wish to express my great interest in it and my earnest hope that it may be a success in the fullest measure."

It will be of interest to the people of Wisconsin to know that at least seven foreign countries and more than a dozen other states were officially represented at the exposition and each of these visitors declared himself to be profoundly impressed with the possibilities of the exposition.

On Dec. 3 there were among the exposition visitors N. J. Holmberg, Commissioner of Agriculture from Minnesota; A. D. Haedecks, head of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, and C. B. Bull, Minnesota Department of Agriculture, together with J. P. Hardy, secretary of North Dakota's State Fair Association, and G. W. Hinkle, of Valley City, North Dakota.

Fred C. Sheasby, writing in The Milwaukee Sentinel of Dec. 4, said of these visitors: "Summed up, they showed keen interest and enthusiasm in the idea of bringing farmers and industrial chieftains together to encourage cooperation between these groups and in the interest of trade expansion."

On Dec. 7 there were among the visitors Jule F. Brower, Chicago, Consul General, representing Honduras and Gautemala, and R. Bauman, Consul General for Denmark. There were present also W. T Derickson, Dover, Delaware; Hugh J. Hughes, Minnesota's Director of Markets; K. A. McRae, secretary of Maryland's Immigration Commission; W. F. Schoenfield, representing the Department of Agricultural Economics at Washington; Porter R. Taylor, Pennsylvania's Director of Markets and F. B. Bumberger of Maryland's College of Agriculture.

Mr. Brower was so impressed with the exposition that he stated he would urge Guatemala and Honduras to be officially represented at the next exposition.

"This is by far the finest and most complete show of its kind I have ever seen," he stated, according to a report in The Sentinel. "The nearest thing to it was a similar exposition held in Toronto.

"It is really amazing, this great display of Wisconsin's industrial and agricultural resources. It impresses me as a big way to bring about cooperation between your producing groups and encourages trade expansion not only nationally but internationally.

"Your opening with the countries I represent is in the shipment of fine bred cattle. Wisconsin stands high for its pure bred and tested cattle."

Then there was M. De Negri, secretary of the Mexican embassy at Washington, who announced he was at the exposition to report to his government as to the possibilities of trade with Wisconsin.

In these expressions will be found the answer to the question: What direct and material benefit can be realized through the exposition?

Each of the consuls and embassy attaches who visited the exposition sent in a report to his country. All expressed great interest in future expositions and asked to be notified of the dates.

Thus direct information on Wisconsin products is being sent throughout the world.

This phase of the exposition can be broadened and emphasized in future years. Many more foreign representatives will attend in future years, together with official state delegations provided they are notified at an earlier date. Many sent their regrets because they had made previous engagements for the dates of the exposition.

It is the belief of those who are supporting the exposition that while a goodly measure of success has been gained the past two years, this is nothing compared to what can be done.

Beautiful Metal Furniture Built by The Simmons Company.

Kohler of Kohler, Known the World Over.

It must be remembered that the Wisconsin Products Exposition really originated in the lowly potato.

For some years an annual potato show has been held in the Milwaukee Auditorium supported by those agricultural interests which wanted to extend the markets and improve the marketing for potatoes.

This show was not as successful as those who were behind it would have liked it to be. The attendance was not as large as was desired and it was proving somewhat unprofitable from the dollars and cents viewpoint.

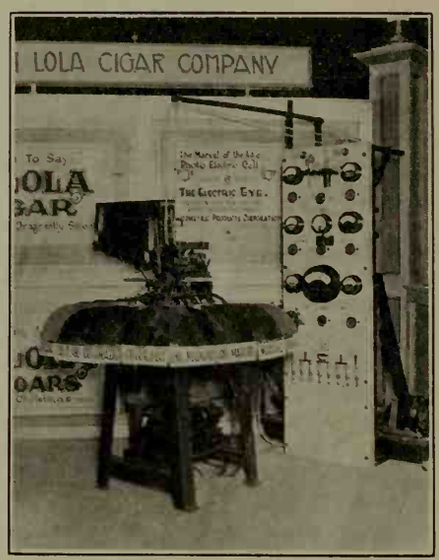
A number of the agricultural representatives visited the Department of Markets. They asked whether it would be possible to enlist the aid and support of some of the business organizations. The support was promised but this question was raised:

Why would it not be possible to put on a Wisconsin Products Exposition, devoted to no particular product but to the interests of the state as a whole — an exposition in which the farm and the factory, together with the state and its various branches, could join hands? If one could benefit, why not all?

Out of this idea there grew a series of conferences at which the farmer, the business man, the banker and the state were represented.

There the idea of the Wisconsin Products exposition grew and the actual working out was left to an executive committee of seven with all factors represented. The active support and cooperation of practically every important agricultural and business organization in the state was extended.

I believe we are only at the beginning of a great movement and that the following accomplishments are possible in the future if we will all join hands:



The Remarkable "Electric Eye" Which Sorts Cigars According to Color.

Representation can be secured among the exhibits from practically every county in Wisconsin.

The exposition can be made so interesting, so instructive and entertaining that the attendance can be doubled, trippled and even quadrupled.

A great trading mart can be created which will rival the fairs of Europe at which hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of business can be transacted.

The fame of Wisconsin's quality products can be carried to every state and to foreign countries, to the lasting benefit of each and every one of our industries.

Hundreds of thousands of residents of Wisconsin — and this is especially important from the viewpoint of the younger generations — can be made to take a greater pride in their state, a greater measure of interest in its welfare.

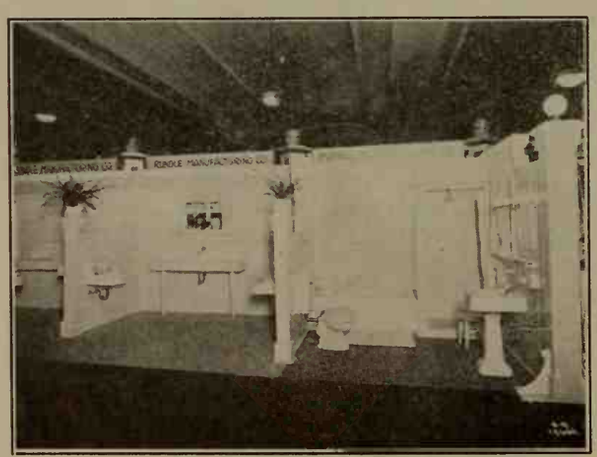
Misunderstandings between the various groups of our population can be cleared up as all put their shoulders to the wheel to make the exposition bigger and greater.

New features and exhibits can be obtained and new ideas worked out so that the exposition, while carrying out the same fundamental principles, will each year be new and fresh.

Only one thing is needed to make all this possible — the enthusiastic support of our business men, agricultural interests, and the people generally, in the belief that it can and will be done.

I believe fully ninety per cent of the scores of firms, organizations, and individuals who have taken part in the first two expositions are "sold" on the idea and we have these as nucleus with which to start.

(Continued on page 40)



Kitchens, Bathrooms, Lavatories— Rundle Manufacturing Company.

One of the Paper Exhibits, Showing in Miniature How Paper Is Made from Pulp.

"My Best Opportunities Are in Wisconsin"

Children From All Over Wisconsin Compete in Essay Contest Conducted by Wisconsin Manufacturers Association

By George F. Kull
Secretary, Wisconsin Manufacturers Association

FROM all over the state they came, one hundred and twenty-four children and their chaperones, representing sixty-three counties. If you have ever played host to children off on a holiday to a big city, you can appreciate what it meant to the officers of the Wisconsin Manufacturers Association and to the committee in charge to entertain these children in Milwaukee during the recent Wisconsin Products Exposition.

These children were the winners in a state-wide essay contest conducted by the Association earlier in the year, the prize being a trip to Milwaukee for the two winners, a boy and a girl, from each of the counties enrolled in the contest.

The subject for the essays was, "My Best Opportunities Are in Wisconsin", the object being to demonstrate to the children of Wisconsin that their opportunities are not in the east or the west, but right here in their native state. Since the Exposition, the children have been writing on the subject of "My Impressions of Wisconsin After Having Visited the Wisconsin Products Exposition", and the winner will get $100 in cash.

From the beginning interest in the contest was lively. Superintendents, principals, and teachers gave their heartiest cooperation, and the children entered into the game with enthusiasm. Upward of six thousand essays were submitted to the county judges. Thousands of others must have been written, for the teachers culled out those which they considered most likely to win. There is no record of just how many essays were written, but some idea may be had from the fact that in one classroom fifty-three students wrote on the subject and in another classroom fifty-six students wrote. Out of these two classes only six essays got to the county judges.

From this great number there were finally selected the two winning essays of each county, one by a boy and one by a girl. Announcements of the winners appeared in the local papers.

And so they came, each couple accompanied by a chaperone, for the most part county school superintendents.

There never was a more excited and enthusiastic lot of youngsters than those who invaded Milwaukee on December 6, 1923. Many of them had never been to a big city before. Some had never seen a street-car. One little girl had never seen electric lights or telephones, and one little chap gazed in amazement at a colored man that he saw on the street—his first encounter of that kind.

The party stayed at the Pfister Hotel, and this in itself impressed most of them as the last word in luxury and elegance. As one little fellow said, "They even have an elevator in the hotel, which we take when we're in a hurry."

One of the boys had a shoe-box under his arm as he came up to register. His eyes were aglow with enthusiasm. "What's in the box," he was asked. "Oh," he answered, "that's my clothes." His "clothes" proved to be a nightshirt. But, after all, he was probably wiser than many people who have circled the world and yet have not learned the art of traveling light. Besides, it was all he needed, for everything else was provided in abundance.

As I walked down Wisconsin Avenue with one little girl by the hand, we were suddenly blocked by the raising of the bridge. The traffic being blocked, it did not take long for it to accumulate, and my little friend looked about her in amazement.

"What do you think is the population of Milwaukee?" I asked her.

Still gazing at the rapidly gathering throng of people and the long line of waiting automobiles, she answered in awe-struck tones, "It must be at least five million."

All in all, it is difficult to say who had the most fun, the committee who escorted the children around the city, or the children themselves. For my own part, it is one of the most enjoyable experiences I have ever had.

A visit to the Wisconsin Products Exposition furnished one of the most important items of entertainment. Here the children were taken the first afternoon of their visit. It is certain that they came away with more respect for their native state and a greater pride in her products, for here they saw on display every conceivable kind of product, manufactured or grown in Wisconsin, artistically and interestingly arranged in the various booths, besides the wonderful Wisconsin panorama that stretched around the walls of the main Auditorium.

After the trip through the exposition the party returned to the Pfister Hotel, where dinner was served, after which we again adjourned to the Exposition Halls, where the children saw the history of Wisconsin pass in pageantry across the immense stage of the Auditorium.

A sight-seeing trip took the children all around the city, and principal places of interest were pointed out. This trip also included a visit to the Milwaukee Museum. It kept one busy simply answering the deluge of questions that broke from the children. It was a case of being sure of your facts, for children see everything and hear everything, and a question is perpetually on their lips. What a pleasure to listen to their cries of surprise and delight!

One of the most interesting experiences of the two days the children spent in Milwaukee consisted of a trip through the mammoth plant of the Allis-Chalmers Company. The children and their chaperones were divided into groups of about fifteen, each group being attended by a trained nurse in uniform, in anticipation of any possible accident that might occur, though none did. A large number of the engineering force of the plant were given over to the children and thus the big manufacturing establishment became for the time being a school, the children forming a most interested and attentive class. Many of them had no idea of what the inside of a manufacturing plant looked like, and amazement was evident on every face.

Especially were they interested in the enormous dynamo now being constructed by the Allis-Chalmers Company for installation in the Niagara Falls power plant,—as well they might be for this dynamo has 75,000 horsepower, and represents, with accessories, an investment of upward of six million dollars, the dynamo itself costing about $750,000. It is the largest dynamo ever constructed.

A photograph was taken of the group, and, through the courtesy of Mr. Carl Johnson, each of the children and chaperones was presented with a copy. A cut is now being made which will enable us to reproduce the picture on cardboard and send it to all the schools represented by successful contestants.

The two days ended all too soon for everybody concerned, and it was with regret that we saw the youngsters leave for their homes. That they enjoyed themselves there is no doubt, judging alone from the many letters of appreciation that have come from them.

The committee in charge consisted, in addition to Mr. Johnson and myself, of State Superintendent of Schools John Callahan, and E. G. Doudna, Secretary of the Wisconsin Teachers Association.

I consider the essay contest a great success, not only for the winners, but for the general interest aroused by it. A very vital part of the school curriculum is the teaching of facts regarding the state in which most of these children are some day to be grown men and women. We cannot afford to allow them to grow up in ignorance of our own state. Here lie their economic opportunities; here they are to exert their social and political responsibility; and their school life should not be divorced from actuality.

The parents of the children who went to Milwaukee have shown great interest. One father went so far as to say that he would rather his boy had this experience than to have some one leave him five thousand dollars.

From the children themselves have come splendid letters, full of youthful enthusiasm and gratitude. I quote from one of them: "Mr. ——— and I got home from the exposition Saturday night. We had a wonderful trip. I enjoyed myself every minute I was at the Exposition. I had never been to anything larger than a county fair, so it was all new to me. We went to the museum in the afternoon. I was most interested in the stuffed birds, animals, and fish, and in the Indian relics; also in the spears, knives, musical instruments, and other things from Africa and the South Sea Islands.

"I always thought that the large manufacturing plants were in the eastern states, but I changed my mind when I saw the Allis-Chalmers plant.

"The drive through the city was beautiful. Our driver, Mr. Conrad, pointed out the places of interest.

"One of the things I noticed was the number of houses being built. I thought Lake Michigan and the parks along its shores were very beautiful. When we drove through the zoo I saw the buffalo herd. It was the first one I ever seen.

"After I had been to the Exposition I had a better idea of what the state produces and the vastness of its possibilities. The exposition was very instructive and entertaining for the boys and girls and I am very grateful for the opportunity afforded me for attending."

The following is a list of the essay winners who visited Milwaukee during the Wisconsin Products Exposition:

Adams: Donald White, Friendship; Lillian Picus, Friendship. Barron: Margaret E. Thompson, Cameron; L. Warren Nelson, Comstock. Brown: Leona Heim, New Franken; Harold Knowlton, Green Bay. Burnett: Dorothy Ortendahl, Grantsburg; Alton Jensen, Grantsburg. Calumet: Florence Dorschel, Chilton; Elmer Kaiser, New Holstein. Chippewa: Marshall Wiley, Chippewa Falls; Adaline Lee, Chippewa Falls. Clark: Clifford Nelson, Neillsville; Dora Scheel, Neillsville. Columbia: Oral Robbins, Fall River; Norman Irvine, Wyocena. Crawford: Dorothea Meracle, Prairie du Chien. Dane No. 1: Clifford Leonard, Windsor; Dane No. 2:: Elaine Minch, Belleville. Dodge: Elizabeth Rettick, Beaver Dam; Carl W. Haider, Beaver Dam. Door: Gertrude Anderson, Algoma; Lawrence Jenquin, Brussels. Douglas: Billy Matthews, Solon Springs; Ruth Baldwin, Brule. Dunn: Gilma Kragness, Bear Valley School, Colfax; Harry Johnson, Boyceville. Eau Claire: Richard Sortomme, Eau Claire; Nora Mathwig, Fall Greek. Florence: Walter Yehle, Florence; Cora Kinnear, Florence. Fond du Lac: Helen Rienhardt, Fond du Lac; John Goebel, Fond du Lac. Forest: Paul Pichotta, Wabeno; Verna Martin, Laona. Grant: Dorothy Nehls, Platteville; Donald Miller, Platteville. Green: Lois Broughton, Brodhead; Clinton Montgomery, Browntown. Green Lake: Doris Lehner, Princeton; Orin Dalton, Dalton. Iowa: Esther Blight, Mineral Point; Lawrence Schoenfeld, Mineral Point. Iron: Anthony Wyszynski, Cedar; Ethel Elina Erickson, Iron Belt. Jackson: Gilman Berg, Taylor; Myrtle Berg, Taylor. Jefferson: Esther Carpenter, Edgerton; David Busse, Jefferson. Juneau: Florence Beck, Mauston; Harold Brown, Mauston. Kenosha: Lauretta Doerfler, Kenosha; Fred Cross, Kenosha. Kewaunee: Agnes Schleis, Kewaunee. La Crosse: Eileen Haun, La Crosse; Steven Morris, La Crosse. La-Fayette: J. Eileen Timmins, Benton; Francis Parson, Darlington. Langlade: Theda Loyd, Antigo; Vance Harmon, Antigo. Lincoln: Nora Heinmiller, Irma; Ernest Burgener, Merrill. Manitowoc: Louise Rehrauer, Two Rivers; Thomas Schnorr, Two Rivers. Marathon: Margaret Gease, Wausau; Maxwell Boyce, Wausau. Marinette: Maynard Nutt, Amberg; Elma Rohr, Beaver. Milwaukee: Albert Kramer, Milwaukee; Erna Sanders, West Allis. Monroe: Ruth Gerke, Tomah; Richard Dana, Tomah. Oconto: Ruby Checota, Townsend; Lewis Gardipee, Lakewood. Oneida: Mary Johnson, Minocqua. Outagamie: Viola Schlimm, Appleton; Everett Hopkins, Seymour. Pepin: Warren Tarrant, Durand; Mabel Abel, Arkansaw. Pierce: Howard Dettling, Maiden Rock; Edris Campbell, River Falls. Polk: Bessie Zahn, Frederic; Chester Shull, Frederic. Portage: Samuel Cherwinski, Stevens Point; Doris Cherwinski, Stevens Point. Racine: Martha Buckson, Racine; Clarence Brown, Racine. Richland: William Stewart, Richland Center; Marie Herlihy, Cazenovia. Rusk: Halcyon Engh, Tony; Gilbert Fagan, Tony. St. Croix: Frank Steinberg, Hudson; Margaret Burkholder, Hudson. Sauk: Ruth Mildred Dyrud, Baraboo; Leander Branlt, Lime Ridge. Sawyer: Caliste Deverell, Hayward; Vincent Davis, Hayward. Shawano: Ralph Peterson, Wittenberg; Tillie Hermann, Birnamwood; Sheboygan: Roger J. Voskuil, Cedar Grove; Mathilda Grether, Plymouth. Taylor: Lucine Manney, Medford; Melvin Rockstad, Sheldon. Trempealeau: Donald Danuser, Arcadia; Stella Peterson, Blair. Vernon: Harland Helgeson, Viroqua; Sadie Weber, Viroqua; Sadie Weber, Viroqua. Vilas: Alice Holtorp, Clear Water Lake; Lake Thorpe, Eagle River. Walworth: Alice Lone, Lake Geneva. Waukesha: T. N. Denslow, Jr., Nashotah; Beatrice E. Powell, Almond. Waupaca: Lillian Taggart, Manawa; Allen Scott, Waupaca. Waushara: Naomi Legrel, Neshkoro; George Mumbrue, Saxeville. Winnebago: Virginia Montgomery, Rush Lake; Earl Hemp, Picketts. Wood: Dorothy Jackan, Wisconsin Rapids; John Dunn, Wisconsin Rapids.

ONE OF THE MANY REASONS WHY WE LOVE WISCONSIN

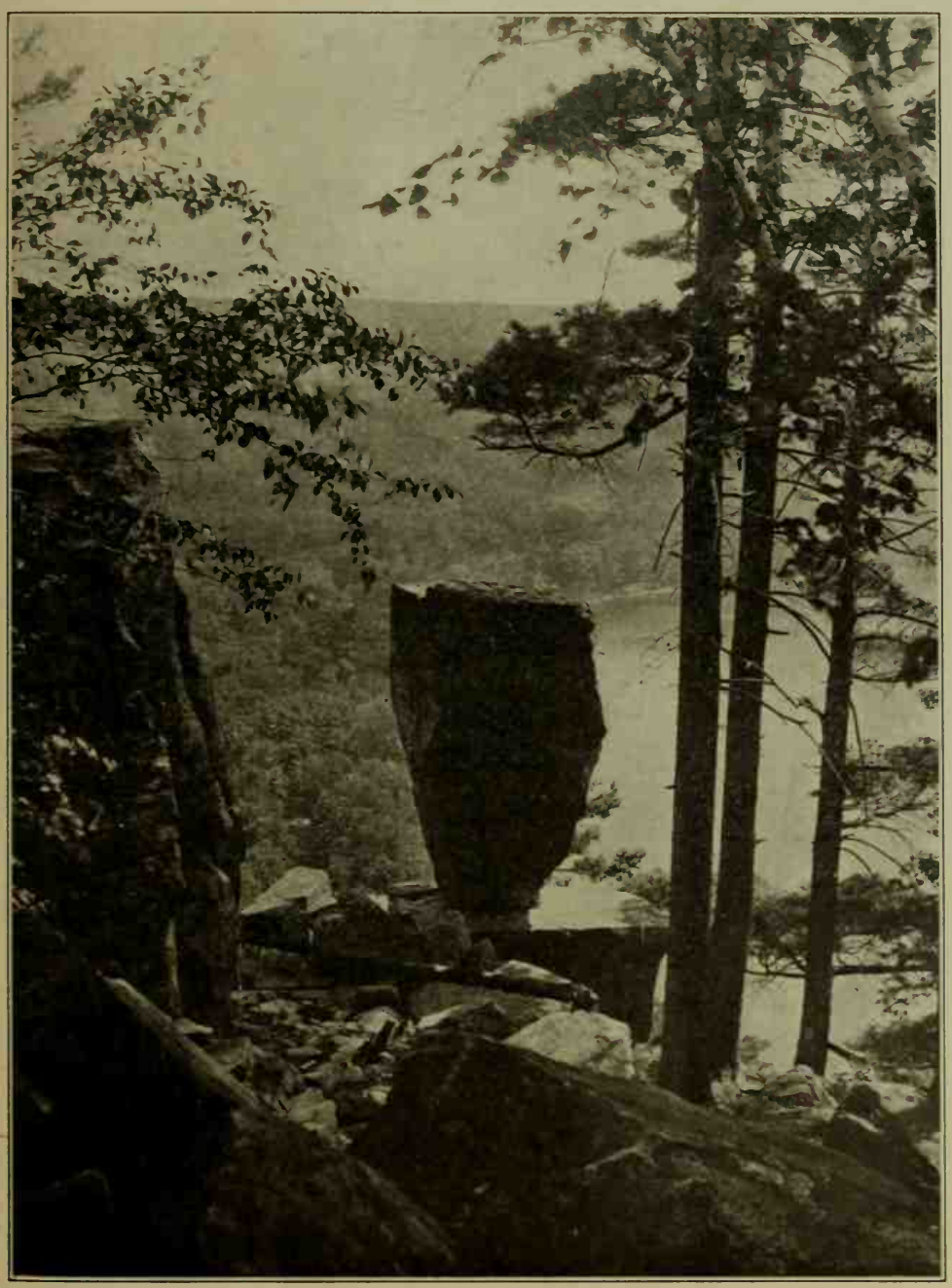
The Legend of Devils Lake

By Aloysius Thiemann

PIERRE tramped through the woods with a long, deliberate stride, following an almost imperceptible trail among the pines, maples, and oaks. He was tall and slender as the stately pine, lithe and agile as the maple sapling, and strong and powerful as the sturdy oak.

His face, tanned and weather-beaten, still expressed some of the charm and polish of a young gallant in the court of Louis XVI five years before. A lady had been insulted, a fiery temper had been aroused, a trusty rapier had been brought into play, and Pierre, to escape inevitable execution, had escaped to America.

He walked on in the silence to which he had long become accustomed, and mentally compared his present situation with that of the gay court life of "la belle France". It had been three years since he had seen a white woman, three years in the wilderness among the Indians. There had been rumors of revolution when he left France, but perhaps it would be safe to go back to his friends now. Yes, it would be but a short time before he would begin to retrace his steps to the French trading station at Quebec.



ON QUIET MOONLIGHT NIGHTS THEIR SHADES GLIDE OVER THE SILENT WATERS OF SPIRIT LAKE

Upon reaching the top of a hill he saw a lake, set like a gem among the high rocky purplish-gray bluffs on every side. But at this end a hill descended more gradually to the water's edge. A thin band of smoke arising from among the trees told him that an encampment of Indians were probably preparing their early morning meal.

As he descended the hill the trail grew more distinct and he soon found himself at the Indian camp. "Winnebagoes," he said to himself as he saw the pictures and hieroglyphics on the tepees.

He lifted his hand in a friendly salutation upon approaching a sentry. Pierre, by this time well-versed in the languages of the American Indian, soon made himself understood and was accordingly taken to the tent of the aged tribal chieftain and introduced. The Chief, though old, was still strong and tall. Deep wrinkles marked his face. About his arms were bands of beads. They were constantly interrupted by Indian runners during the course of their conversation, but the presentation of a few gaudy baubles established Pierre as a friend. They discussed the trade of hides and skins and when an agreement was reached Pierre began to leave.

But upon walking to the lake he discovered, standing upon the shore, an Indian maiden of exceeding charm and beauty. So slender and graceful did she appear that she recalled his former lady-love in France for whom he had sacrificed all. But this maiden was so natural, unaffected, and simple as she stood in the morning sun which reflected all her beauty, that she seemed to be more like a goddess than an Indian. It was impossible for him to imagine her growing old and flabbily fat as the squaws who sat about the camp chewing leather.

When she saw him she gave a start and a little cry, for white men, particularly white men who were smooth-shaven and clean, were seldom seen. With a delightful naivete and reticence she told him that she was Ke-she-ah-ben-oqua (Early Dawn) and that she was the daughter of the Chief.

Pierre forgot France for the moment. His only thought was to find some pretext to remain in the locality a bit longer. The confidence of the chieftain was established, and first by using one excuse and then another he was able to remain in the camp throughout the summer.

Pierre, however, did not lack competition in his courtship. The jealousy of Windago, an Indian brave, was keenly aroused. On cool moonlight evenings Early Dawn and Pierre would glide across

(Continued on page 40)

News Item—HICKSVILLE CENTER HAS A NEW LIBRARIAN

Book Tours By Parcel Post

Libraries Travel Hundreds of Miles to Enliven Long Evenings of Winter in By-Ways of Wisconsin

By Mary C. Bowen

TRAVELING FREE LIBRARY EXHIBIT AT 1923 WISCONSIN PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

FAR up in the north woods of Wisconsin stands a lonely cabin. In one of its two bare rooms, early in November, a woman was writing a letter by the light of an oil lamp. She stopped and shivered as a blast of wind bent the tops of the tall, black pines outside the window and howled about the house.

"That sounds like snow," she observed to a man in woolen jacket and lumberman's boots, a hunched figure sitting near the cook-stove. "What shall we do this winter, with drifts up to the eaves, if we don't get those books from the traveling library? Last year we couldn't even break a road as far as Lost Creek until the last of March."

The man took his pipe from his mouth and drawled, "Id like that book on tractors, right enough."

Then she resumed her letter:

"We live fifteen miles in the brush, and the books you send bring us so much pleasure. As we are far from a railroad, it is important that we get them before the snows become heavy. I particlarly want 'An American Idyl' by Mrs. Parker, and the children's books."

Next morning the letter was on its way to the Traveling Library Department of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission at Madison. In less than a week a box of books arrived at Lost Creek, and at least one family in that bleak district looked forward with cheerfulness to being snow-bound.

Out of Mental Ruts

Pioneer conditions still exist in byways such as the northern woods, mental by-ways, rutted by drudgery and untouched by the headlong traffic of our time; but asking to be put upon highways of world interests and thought.

To run mental thoroughfares through the state is the work of the Free Library Commission; and ever since the year of its founding, 1895, it has been building them by means of its traveling libraries. Not until 1914, however, was it able to reach by its individual parcel-post service isolated spots like Lost Creek.

The success of the commission in so doing is attested by the figures on circulation for the year ending in June, 1923. Out of a total of 143,334 volumes, 41,830 were sent upon the requests of individuals; and the latter number represented an increase of 11,806 over the preceding year. During the three years since Miss Harriet C. Long, the present head librarian, took charge of the traveling library department, the number of books sent into the state has increased seventy-five per cent.

A plea quite different from the first one came from a farmer's wife who surely could not complain of loneliness. Let her speak for herself:

"I am a mother of eleven children, all under the age of 22 years, and we all enjoy reading. Would like some books that would help me in keeping up with the questions of the day."

To this lively household the Madison headquarters ship a box which, according to rules, may contain several books for each member of the family. Estimating "several" as averaging four apiece, try counting the number of volumes which the readers in this one family could borrow. It is a rather staggering total; but one knows that books could speak to no more appreciative audiences, nor be better used, than in such hands.

"Receiving Stations" Heard From

"When this mother receives her box by parcel post," explained Miss Mabel Wayne, who fills the individual orders at headquarters, "she has nothing to pay; but she is responsible for mailing the lot back to us in three weeks' time, and accounting for all books charged to her. So the only expense she incurs is the return postage, unless she loses or seriously damages some copy. She may also renew her loan for another three weeks, provided the books are not in too great demand, as recent fiction always is."

With her characteristic friendly smile, Miss Wayne proceeded to sketch the boundaries of her province. Besides single orders, she supervises the state reading circle, consisting of collections for rural schools, and the women's club service. The reading circle collections contain twenty-five units each, and may be used six weeks at a time. Club references are available for a longer period, usually until the course of study is covered. In case the club members need help in finding their sources, they have only to ask Miss Wayne, and the best authorities are soon in their hands.

"You would be astonished at the demand we have for millinery," she continued. "Agriculture naturally comes first in this state, but bee culture is popular too; and the number of those who do their traveling by the page instead of by the mile is constantly increasing."

One of these travelers by proxy wrote to the department:

"I am an invalid, and cannot leave the house. I shall never see the wonderful places your books tell me of; but they are so real to me that it is the same as if I had been to see them."

What the Public Wants

Ask Miss Wayne if country and village people's tastes in books are different from the tastes of the city-bred.

"Not at all," she will promptly affirm, "except that works on agriculture and country life are naturally more in demand among our readers. Aside from these just about the same proportions of all kinds of reading circulate. Relatively as many requests come to us for Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, for example, as city librarians receive. It is the same with classics; and the interest in fiction predominates everywhere."

Calls for texts on business methods, radio, and professional subjects show how much both young and old are profiting by the opportunity to continue their education with no large outlay. The saving in doctors' bills alone has made the library service invaluable to many a mother who has brought up her children according to the principles laid down in Dr. Holt's *Care and Feeding of Children*. Requests for this book and similar ones have been so frequent that one wonders whether the coming generation in Wisconsin will be reared by parcel post.

Poetry, the name of which frightens the average reader, was introduced to one family via the phonograph. It came about as the following letter discloses:

"We have a victrola record, 'When Love is Kind,' words by Thomas Moore. We cannot understand all the words, and I am wondering if you have Moore's poems."

Drama from Life for Lawmakers

Some of the letters quoted above furnished the situations for two one-act plays entitled *The Treasure Box*, and *Uncle Sam Brings it to Your Door*. They were written by Mary Katharine Reely, dramatist and poet, and were presented last May by the traveling library staff before an audience including many members of the legislature and their wives. It may have been the human appeal of these scenes from life which urged the lawmakers to increase the library appropriation for the following year.

Zona Gale, who is chairman of the State Library Commission, after witnessing Miss Reely's plays, wrote for the June library bulletin an account of the performance, in which she cordially praised the plays, as well as other work of their author.

Although individual orders from sources like those depicted in these plays have increased more rapidly than other sorts, the original traveling work lies in the community libraries. In order to possess a carefully selected set of fifty books, suited to the whole population of a neighborhood, and intended to be kept out six months if necessary, the persons interested have only to take the steps indicated in the public spirited letter which follows:

"We are a small farming community of about forty or forty-five people, and have no way of getting good books or reading material without going some distance, and are often snow-bound and unable to get anywhere. Is there any possible way of me getting a bunch of books for both old and young and loaning them out from here? We have a small store and post-office, and would like to turn my living room into a library and reading-room for the benefit of the community."

Thus one person, called the custodian, is made responsible for the care and loaning out of books, the commission furnishing blanks for the records. The collections are packed, each book separately wrapped, in heavy wooden boxes, and are sent by freight. The patrons in this case pay freight both ways. Then when the libraries return after their six months' tour, they are inspected and repaired before being sent out again.

Samples from Library Counter

"Here is a list of books in one of our recent community libraries," and Miss Dorothy Furbish, a slim, dark-eyed young woman who knows all about the collections, handed over a neatly typed page. "Ten books out of every fifty are especially for children. There is much fiction, of course; but we include a considerable number of other sorts."

Old favorites like *David Copperfield* and *Two Years Before The Mast* call out from the ranks of type; but there are dozens of newcomers in this book parade, besides. There is the hilarious fun of *Gentle Julia;* the helpful instructions given in *Canning and Preserving* or in *Practical Law Made Plain;* the sinister mystery of *At the Villa Rose*, delightful personal narrative, found in the *The Americanization of Edward Bok;* stimulation to thought from *The Mind in the Making;* juvenile romancing represented by *The Adventures of Billy Topsail;* all these, and a wide range of others, show that every conceivable liking has been considered in making these lists.

The titles offer bait to the imagination. One pictures the rural custodian supplying his customers according to their tastes. A hard-fisted farmer with a scraggy beard stuffs into his sagging pocket *Getting Your Money's Worth;* a sheepish youth in a new straw hat asks haltingly for *The Young People's Book of Etiquette;* and "something by Gene Stratton Porter" goes to a young girl with an unsophisticated pink bow on her long cluster of curls.

Not all the lists must be of the standard kind. By special request a group of farmers, for example, may obtain books on agriculture, boy scouts may have their special libraries, or housewives may do likewise for the subject of home economics.

Confusion of Tongues Overcome

Most solitary of all those who use the traveling libraries may be the aged foreigner who belongs neither to his native land nor to his adopted one. An example of the position of some of these old people in foreign households has been given by a recent writer on immigrant problems.

Angelina, a pretty Italian girl, was

(Continued on page 41)

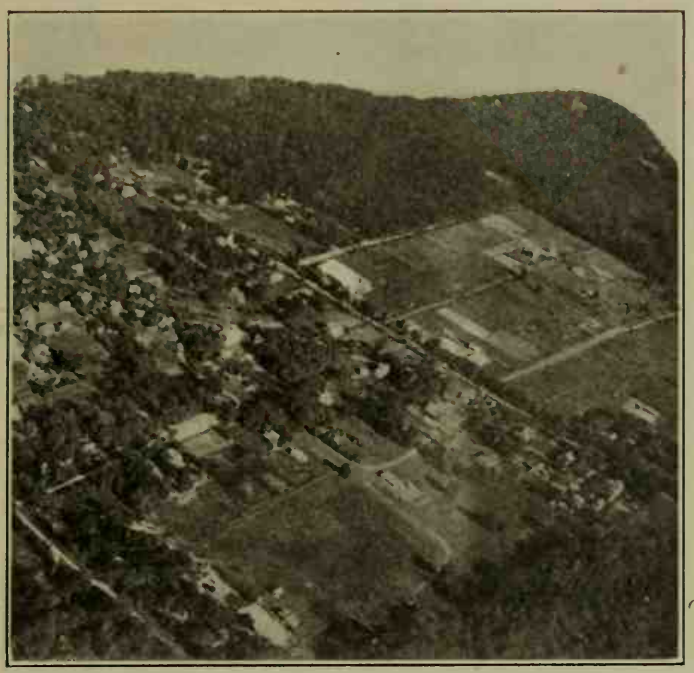
PACKING A BOX-FULL OF INSPIRATION, ENTERTAINMENT, AND KNOWLEDGE

Williams Bay Takes Inventory

Here Is at Least One Wisconsin Village That Does Not Believe in Growing Up Like Topsy

By Jacob L. Crane, Jr.

THERE are several reasons why small towns and villages do not readily take up town planning. In the first place, it is difficult for them to know definitely what the future has in store. The tendencies in industrial and community life have not become sufficiently clear to indicate the destiny of the town. And, unless a town can be planned with a definite conception of the object in view, the planning is useless. In the second place, small communities are so limited in finances, and also in their ideas of future financial possibilities, that they do not feel equal to more than providing for actual necessities from day to day. They do not feel in a position even to finance the planning itself, to say nothing of raising the money for large improvements. In the third place, the main incentive for city planning in larger towns and cities, namely, the evil conditions which have grown up and which must be overcome, are not so aggravated in the small village that they urgently require the replanning of the town.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF WILLIAMS BAY

This last reason why town planning fails to take hold in the undeveloped village may lose its effectiveness when some of the people have come into contact with the enormous cost of repairing damage in the cities—a cost which often could have been avoided by early action in the small town. This is the case with Williams Bay, where the permanent population is made up of people who have lived in, or come into contact with, the cities, and where there is a loyal group of summer resorters coming each year from the larger centers of population. The idea of planning definitely for the future of the village has been more readily adopted than would otherwise be expected

Moreover, in the case of Williams Bay the future destiny of the village is already plain. The tendency of the place to become a larger and more important summer resort while at the same time preserving its function as a minor agricultural center, has been evident for a number of years. And, as in every community where town planning is possible, the advantage of working to a definite development plan is enormous, both in saving of money and in getting vastly better results.

THE COMMUNITY BUILDING

Origin and Growth of Community Action

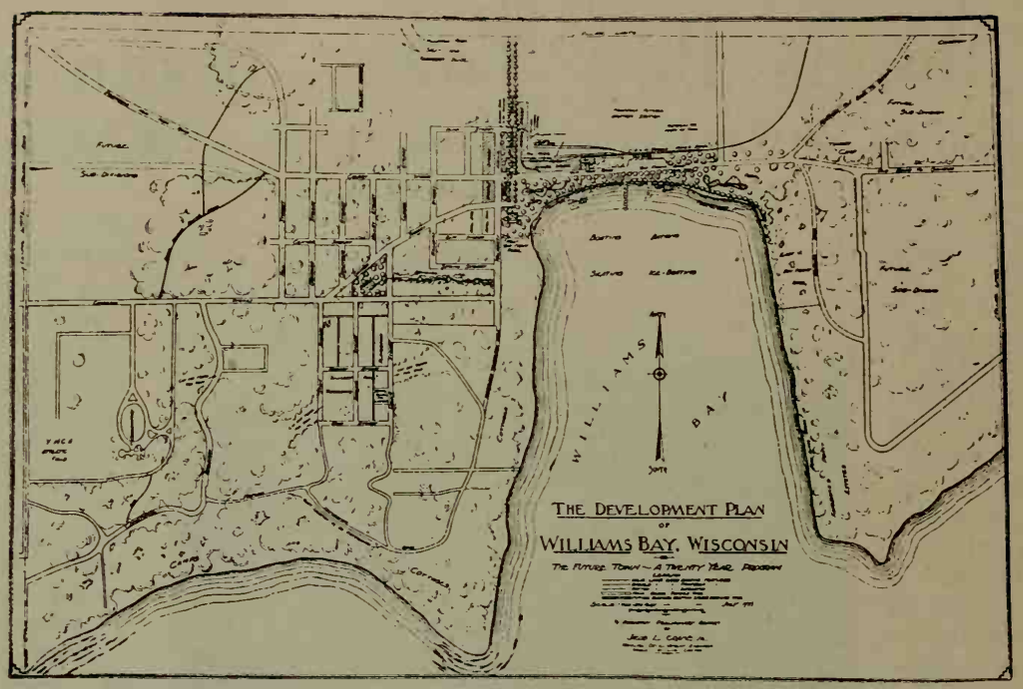
Forty years ago a narrow road followed the shore of Williams Bay on Lake Geneva, in southern Wisconsin, with only a single farm and a tiny group of summer campers to mark the spot where the village has developed. At the present time the beautiful wooded hills overlooking the bay are occupied by the homes of a permanent population of 500 and summer population of about 3,000. Careful population estimates are that the next twenty years will show a growth to a total maximum population of 6,000. It is also anticipated that the advent of a winter sports colony will bring the winter population up to 3,000. It is for this future that the vlilage development plan is being evolved.

The two larger events of the early history of Williams Bay were the advent of the railroad in 1888, and the location here of the great Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago in 1895. Community action, however, did not begin until 1900, when the first school district was organized, a little schoolhouse built, and one teacher engaged. In 1907 a library was acquired by gift, and definite community spirit began with the successful attempt to secure land for the library building. In 1916 the little group of people which only sixteen years before had begun with a tiny schoolhouse and one teacher, floated a bond issue, built a $33,000 school and organized a complete school system from the elementary grades through high school with a staff of ten teachers.

The following year a moving picture machine was acquired by the association which had been organized,

and a community moving picture show has been operated ever since. The profits produced from a five-cent admission have been used for the library and other public needs.

Through all this time the colony had been consolidating in feeling and action, but it had no municipal organization. In 1919, in the face of a vigorous minority protest, the village was incorporated and a new period of community action began. The streets were electric-lighted for the first time. Roads were improved, and plans made or a water-supply system. Finally, the demand that the future of Williams Bay be definitely planned resulted in the movement for the study of the physical development of the village, and the writer was engaged to direct this study.



A Town Plan

During all this time the importance of Williams Bay as a farm center had increased slowly, but there had been a great increase in the resort activities. It is, then, primarily as a summer and winter resort that Williams Bay has been planned. The resources of the village, both human and monetary, are much greater than those of the average village or town of this size.

The studies include the street and road system; parks, playgrounds and planting; public utilities; community building and civic center; control of private property and zoning; and several miscellaneous ems. The main project is that of completely re-vamping the water-front of the bay. The railroad is to be moved back, a water-front park developed, a new business section provided, a town square, a memorial avenue, and a community building constructed in a definite relation to the other features. The total scheme is ambitious on the face of it for a community as small as Williams Bay, but in order to carry it out a program has been drawn, tabulating the projects which may be taken up year by year for the next twenty years, each year's program being in conformity with the financial resources at that time. All of this has been suggested in a formal preliminary report, but the definite decision regarding the development plan and program is left to a series of community meetings to be held during the coming year. At the end of the year an official Plan and Program will be adopted.

It is believed that the preparation of a village plan in this manner by so small a settlement marks Williams Bay as unique among the small towns of the Middle West, if not of the entire country. And with the orderly, economical development made possible by following a town design and a development program, Williams Bay, with its exceptional resources, has the possibility of becoming one of the most beautiful and distinctive of all resort towns.

Dairying Places Wisconsin In Limelight

WISCONSIN ranks first in many fields of production, and her importance is constantly growing according to facts presented by David Atwood, editor of the state printing board.

Information computed by Mr. Atwood follows:

"The farmers of Wisconsin own more automobiles than there are all told in South America, Mexico and Cuba.

"There never was a time in all the world's history outside the United States, when the people of a state equal in population to Wisconsin had so much to eat, so much to wear, such comfortable homes, or so many of the good things of life as have the people of this state.

"The farmers of Wisconsin have nearly as many automobiles as the 40,000,000 people in France.

"All the copper produced by the great mines of Michigan in 1921 would only buy one-third of the hogs on Wisconsin farms.

"All the iron ore and copper mined in Michigan in 1921 was worth enough to buy about one-sixth of Wisconsin's cattle.

"The butter, cheese and condensed milk produced in Wisconsin in 1921 was worth nearly twice as much as all the iron ore mined in the United States.

"Wisconsin farms produced almost as many dollars worth of cheese, butter and condensed milk as was produced in the three next most important states, Minnesota, New York and Michigan.

"The amount received by Wisconsin cheese factories for their product in 1921 was more than twice as great as the value of all the zinc produced that year in the United States.

"The manufacture of cement is a great industry, yet Wisconsin's manufactured dairy products in 1921 were worth about 85 per cent as much as all the cement produced in the United States,

"The product of all the gold mines in the United States in 1921 was not enough to pay Wisconsin farmers for the butter they sold.

"The gold mines of Mexico, Canada and the United States produced almost enough gold in 1921 to pay for Wisconsin's output of cheese and evaporated milk. Gold mines last a short time and then are mined out. Wisconsin's cheese and evaporated milk factories will go on producing wealth after all the present gold mines are exhausted.

"In 1919 Wisconsin dairy products sold for 30 million dollars more than the total value of the iron ore produced in the United States.

"Wisconsin farmers got more for dairy products in 1917 than all the great copper mines of Michigan, Montana and Utah got for their metals.

"All the gold produced in the United States in 1917 was too small in value by eight million dollars to pay for the cheese made in Wisconsin in that year.

"If every ounce of silver mined in the United States in 1917 had been given to Wisconsin farmers it would just have paid for the butter which they produced in that year.

"Illinois has great coal mines and has great blast furnaces making pig-iron. The output of both products in 1917 was worth only 40 million dollars more than Wisconsin farmers sold their dairy products for, and Wisconsin dairy cows produced 50 million dollars more in value than the Illinois coal mines did in 1917."

Opening Day

Being Descriptive Of The Joys And Attractiveness Of Early Spring Trout-Fishing In Wisconsin, Together With A Few Hints On Tackle And Methods

MRS. SMITH LANDING A LIVE ONE

By O. W. Smith

Angling Editor "Outdoor Life," Author of "Trout Lore," "Casting Tackle and Methods," etc. Illustrations from photographs by the author.

TO EVERY Badgerite, in whom there is a drop of Izaak Walton's blood, the arching backs of the willow-cats, caressed by the South Wind, speak of but one thing, the approach of trout fishing. Now there may be other varieties of angling as attractive, but if so I am unacquainted with them, and I have fished for nearly all denizens of "sweet water". To me and to every other lover of the winsome beauty of spring water, the speckled trout is in a class by himself.

By the way, *the* brook trout, our native Wisconsin trout, is not a trout at all, but a char. Our English cousins, with their penchant for calling things by their right names, never refer to him as "trout". When they use that word they have in mind the fish we know as "brown", or "German brown", a true trout. Today, in all our Badger streams we may take any one of the three fish, or all three on the same day probably,—native char, rainbow, and brown, the last two being true trout, the rainbow introduced from the West, the brown from the Old Country. To my way of thinking neither of the introduced fish can compare with the native red-spot in point of toothsomeness and appearance, though the "salmons", the introduced fish, take the artificial fly more readily and are more active when hooked. Just the same, there is no question in my mind that the native fish is a finer, more aristocratic fish, if you know what I mean.

Perhaps in passing it might be well to indicate how the inexperienced will be able to differentiate between these three denizens of our cold water brooks. The native brook, char, is a scaleless fish insofar as the unaided eye can determine: then, too, his smooth olive-green back is lined with "worm-tracks"—vermiculations is the word, which neither of the introduced fish bears. The rainbow, sometimes called "silver-sides", is well described by that name, being of a glowing silvery color overshot with rainbow reflections, especially along the median line. The back of the rainbow is spotted with black. The brown is also a scale-fish, that is, possessed of scales large enough for the unaided eye to see, in old and large specimens well enough developed along the back to remove with the finger. The brown has a spotted back and is a golden brown in color, while along the sides are comparatively large, uneven red spots. It is a rarely beautiful fish, but somewhat coarse. So much for their appearance, and I have not touched upon the anatomical differences ichthyologists would insist upon.

I caught my first trout, a "brook", of course, many years ago from Pine River, that once famous stream of Waushara County. Little did I realize then that I had started on a long, long trail, one of much toil and travail of mind, yet one that would bring unalloyed satisfaction and considerable fame. From that day on I was an enthusiastic student of trout. Of course that fish was taken on a worm, "garden-hackle", for then I had not even heard there was such a thing as an artificial fly.

By the way, a man can be a fisher of trout, using common "garden-hackle" and be a true sportsman. I never could see why the mere fact that a man employed artificial flies made him a sportsman, unless he was one. It is not the tackle, the method exactly, but the spirit of you that determines your status. To my mind sportsmanship is the love of fair-play raised to the N-th place. The man who uses light tackle, gives every hooked trout a chance for its life, returns all small fish to the water, and takes only a moderate catch, is a sportsman. A man can manifest his porcine proclivities, if he be that sort of a man, even when using Leonard rods, English reels, tapered lines and dry-flies. Get this, I can go out on my favorite stream, Sioux River up in Bayfield County, anytime after the middle of June and take five fish to the wormer's one, using artificial flies, and keep it up all day. Now then, if I desired to be "un-sportsmanlike", my opportunities are infinitely greater than are those of the bait-fish-

A WISCONSIN COLLEGE PRESIDENT,—ALSO A TRUE DISCIPLE OF IKE WALTON

er. No, all this pother about sportsmanship and tackle is utterly beside the question: you must get at the spirit of the man.

Wisconsin has many streams upon which the casting of an artificial fly is utterly impossible. Take portions of that Waushara County stream, Pine River, from where the "Old Pine" used to stand, down through the woods to the "grave-yard", small chance there to lay a long line, or kiss the water with a fuzzy-wuzzy. Just the same, in the old days—I have not fished it now for years—the understanding "reeler", letting his baited hook down under the low-hanging brush, could take a fairly good catch between sun and sun. Believe me, hooking a pound speckled-trout a hundred feet down stream was not placing him in your creel by any means. Took considerable skill and patience to persuade such a fish to journey up beneath those brush without snagging. You can use worms for all of me, but always use a large hook, one that will discourage the small trout from hooking themselves. Of course they will steal your bait. Let 'em. You should be willing to contribute at least that much to the good of future generations. One other thing, when so unfortunate as to hook a small trout, wet your hand before you touch his body, for the impact of a dry finger or glove spells the ultimate death of the fish.

By the way, my first trout taken on a fly was from the "Dane's Meadows", just below the "Old Pine", on Pine River. It happened in this wise. I was camped for two weeks at the head of the "Meadow" and the trout were shy and without appetite for worms, though I could see them leaping for insects. One day a man and woman came along, flecking apparently careless artificial flies here and there, and taking fish! (In those days the "Dane's Meadow" had not grown up to brush as at present.) It was a revelation to me. I did some hard thinking, went back to the tent and kicked my worm-pail into the creek, took my flies out of my hat-band, where I had worn them "for pretty" and got busy. For three long weary days I fished without results, then a miserable little fingerling not five inches long took pity on me and fastened himself to my fly. I released him and kept at it. I never got so I could take many trout from the Pine River on flies, however it might be now if I were to go back there. It was not until I went into the North, fished such streams as the Sioux, Iron, Flag, Upper Peshtigo, Thunder, Nemekagon, etc., etc., that I learned the possibilities of artificial flies.

Fly-fishing is the greatest, most satisfactory sport in all the world. No man may tell you how. Instruction helps little. As Sherman remarked regarding resuming specie payments at the close of the Civil War, "The proper way to resume is to resume"; so the proper way to learn how to cast a fly for trout is to cast a fly. While I am not recommending light rods at first—today I never use anything heavier than 3 ounces—I do say you should not employ anything more weighty than 6 ounces. Get a rod of say 8½ or 9 feet, with a single action reel to balance properly. By "proper balance" I mean that the line and reel should weigh approximately once and a half as much as the rod. Use a 6 foot leader, never more than one fly. As to flies, well, these have proved popular with the trout all over the state,—Royal Coachman, Black Gnat, Wickham's Fancy, Black Prince, Brown Hackle. With those I would chance almost any stream in Wisconsin. Don't think however that I would be *satisfied* with such a circumscribed selection. You just ought to see my fly-book! With such an outfit anyone can become reasonably proficient as a fly-fisher. No, I am not going to undertake to tell you how here,—I have elsewhere; only this, go to a stream and *fish*. There is no reading of books, even *my* books, that will take the place of practice.

After all, it is not the ability to "lay a long line", "fish fine and far off", and all that that takes us to the smiling trout streams at this season of the year; but it is the call of the Open, the woo of God's Out-o'Doors, the hunger we have inherited from far-off hairy ancestors who rejoiced at the return of spring. It is not the trout we place in the creel that matters, the trout we catch or the big ones that get away, but the intangible catch which is of utmost worth. I can't see how a man can be small and mean and fish for trout.

TO-DAY?

By Julia Grace Wales

What could be uglier than these back yards?
Yet . . . . . today
A child in a red coat riding his hobby horse,
Battered trees in bud,
Straggling bushes in bud along broken fences,
Some garden tools leaning against the back porch,
A fat clothes basket on a patchy lawn,
And a fat old woman hanging out the week's washing:
Black stockings and petticoats,
Blue and pink ginghams,
White sheets and undergarments,
Blowing and shadowing in wind and sun.
To-day?
Perhaps Autolycus passed by.

HAD I BUT KNOWN

By William J. McHale

Had I but known he did not come to stay,
That he was just a transient little guest
By heaven sent and thither shortly bound,
How avidly his smallest small request
I should have heard, and its appeasement found.

If I had known he entered at my gate
Only to pause on his far homeward flight—
Sweet soul ordained to bear no taint of earth—
How I had schemed to make the hours more bright
And shield his dimpled hands from every hurt.

But I knew not. There are tomorrows yet,
I thought, to mend the playthings wrecked today.
Then, lo, a muffling silence stilled the noise
Of clamorous mirth, for he had gone his way
And left my heart like his poor broken toys.

Cheese That's Making Rolling Prairie Famous

By Andrew W. Hopkins

A SPECIAL process is used in the manufacture of the "Fromage de Brie" cheese which has famed the name of Rolling Prairie, a little Dodge County hamlet. For more than three decades the formula has remained the heirloom of the Behle family. This is the only cheese factory west of the Alleghanies making a soft cream cheese product.

Develop Special Market

Last year about 15,000 cases of this fancy cheese were manufactured. A case contains from 16 to 24 packages. From Allebon, Maine, in the east, to San Francisco in the west and from Duluth, Minnesota in the north to Galveston, Texas in the southwest, some 800 customers with private accounts are eating this breakfast cheese. Judges, doctors, lawyers, and professional men are prominent on the list. A few orders have gone into Canada—several to Saskatchewan. Germany and several other foreign countries have also eaten some of this cheese.

Behle Brothers' cheese in polite society is called "Fromage de Brie" which translated from the French means "cheese from the city of Brie". "Fromage de Brie" is put up in seventeen different styles. The business today is in the hands of C. P. Behle, the only one left of the four brothers who were formerly in the business. The annual business amounts to between $25,000 and $50,000. Behle might be called the "whole cheese". He is the manufacturer, the selling agent, the packer, the advertiser, the secretary and treasurer.

In August, 1889 Otto Behle, father of the present business head of the firm, commenced operations at his first French cheese factory then located at Silica in the northeast corner of Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin. His first milk came from the four cows of one patron—the first cheese manufactured was sold to Roseberg & Gerber of Chicago. Otto Behle learned the trade at Monroe, New York, his home. His father was not a cheese maker, but a cabinet maker. The founder of the French cheese factory in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin, died this spring at Rolling Prairie. The factory was moved from Silica to Rolling Prairie in 1904.

Originally the Behle family was French. Great-grandfather Behle came from Lorraine. His name was Lebehl. Grandfather Behle removed to Germany, from where he came to America and settled in Monroe, New York.

Has Eighteen Patrons

Today, instead of one patron there are eighteen delivering milk. They deliver 1,500 to 2,000 pounds every day to the factory. This is made up into French cheese in amounts corresponding to the orders given. Each day the mail brings a small pile of orders. Surplus milk is made into American and Brick cheese.

The present operator of Behle Brothers' Company at the French cheese factory at Rolling Prairie has never seen nor heard of many of his customers. He makes many friends, and fills hundreds of orders as a result of sending out free samples. The prospective customer tries the cheese himself, and then passes it on to some of his near friends. Some very good orders result from this method of advertising.

Out in one of the hotels in the Golden Gate city there is a chef whose fame is nation-wide. He is known as "The One-Thousand-Breakfast-Chef". An important item on his famous breakfast menu is this soft cream cheese manufactured at Rolling Prairie, Wisconsin, by the firm of Behle Brothers. This delightful article of breakfast diet has won the praise of hundreds of visitors annually in the golden west.

From September 1 to July 1 every year not a working day passes but what "Fromage de Brie" is manufactured in large quantities. Shipments go out every day—frequently they go out twice a day. It is a remarkable coincidence that a large majority of the trade consists of private customers. There are 800 private customers and only seven dealers. The largest share of the shipments are made to Illinois, Pennsylvania, northern Michigan, Montana and New York. New York city probably has more customers than any other city in the world.

Resist Stiff Competition

Just how stable an industry the manufacture of this French cheese is in this little town of Rolling Prairie is demonstrated by the fact that when a condensery came into this district and crowded other cheese factories out of business, the Fancy French Cheese factory still continued in business. This was made possible by the continued large demand resulting in the ability of the cheese maker to make a corresponding increase in prices for butter fat to patrons. Behle Brothers Fancy French Cheese factory here is just another reason why Wisconsin is the world's greatest dairy state.

Behle is proud of the fact that he is a Badger state cheese maker. He honors his native state by labeling every package of cheese which goes out from his factory with the words, in bold type, "Made in Wisconsin."

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MI LOLA means
"my sweetheart"

The Mi Lola Cigar is the smoker's "sweetheart." Say Mi Lola at the next cigar stand, then light, puff and smile.

MI LOLA CIGARS
are
ALWAYS MILD
ALWAYS GOOD

Behle is of a very artistic temperament —he spends his free hours in the cheese factory painting pictures in oil. Every day his friends bring in to him pictures which he may copy.

Designs Own Cheese Labels

He has made excellent use of his artistic ability in designing every one of the seventeen different labels which help to make his cheese an attractive product on the market.

"Pride of Wisconsin" heads the list of brands. He advertises that it is especially prepared from pure full cream from Wisconsin milk. Brie and D'Isigny is the most popular style of cheese he produces. This is sold on the market under several different brand names. Some of these are "Miniature Lunch Brie Fancy Cheese", "Liedertafel Fancy Cheese", "Deer Brand Delicatess Cheese", "The Golden Rule Brand", distributed by a Minnesota wholesale house, "Liberty Lunch Cheese", "After Dinner Cheese", distributed by a Chicago firm, and "Domestic Fromage de Camembert". Wrapped in silvery tinfoil, put up in packages handsomely labeled and marked as "Made in Wisconsin", this full cream cheese is making a national and international reputation for the Badger state. It is marketed as nearly absolutely fresh as possible. The longest that any cheese remains in the cold curing room rarely exceeds a ten-day period.

When the cheese reaches the consumer it has a delicious, wholesome, and refreshing flavor.

WINTER FAIRIES

(Continued from page 19)

All your old, last year books are destroyed and new ones given, so that if some of the pages in your old book are bad you may have a chance to begin all over again."

With these words the New Year King floated away as quietly as he had come and soon looked like a gray cloud in the sky.

Donnie breathed a sigh of relief when he was gone, for he felt a little bit afraid of him.

"This evening the Frost Sprites will cover the whole big out-doors with a beautiful, white covering, called snow, so the earth will have a soft carpet for the coming of the New Year King," said the Frost Queen. "And my Diamond Dust Sprites will follow closely behind them, sprinkling diamonds as they go. My Pearl Sprites will paint everything with melted pearl. And on the edges of the roofs of homes in which very good people live they will hang pearl fringes."

Donnie turned around to ask her if she meant to put fringes on the roof of his home at any time, but she was gone.

Pretty soon after this Donnie seemed to hear his mamma calling, and rubbing both eyes very hard he tried to see her.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" he cried, "I seended 'em, I did! I did see the winter fairies 'n King New Year'n everything. But you can't see 'em 'thout you shut up your eyes real tight."

Now, do you suppose Donnie really saw those winter fairies, children? Or had he only fallen asleep and dreamed it all?

Anyhow, be sure to look on your home roof and see if the Pearl Sprites have left a fringe on it, the very first thing you do in the morning. And if you look all around maybe you can tell whether the Frost Sprites or Diamond Dust Fairies have been at work.

THE RECREATION MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 22)

instead of only receiving it. Opportunity was furnished for use of physical and mental powers—opportunities which only too frequently had been cut off by urban life.

Widening of the field of work resulted in more adequate equipment, better adapted to the needs of all ages, of all-year use and of the communities. This period was a turning point in the movement—a culmination of the preceding stages. The movement received additional impetus from the organization of the National Playground Association in 1906, which stabilized matters, caught public opinion better, and gave a wider opportunity for promotion.

This stage developed into the Civic Art and Welfare stage—1912 to 1914. It was becoming obvious that it was not enough to provide playgrounds and recreational opportunities, but that standards of all popular amusements must be raised through both constructive and restrictive legislation. Efforts were made to regulate existing recreations, principally the commercialized ones. Municipal theatres, dances and music, community dramatics, festivals and pageants were promoted. Commercialized amusements were supplemented by similar types run by municipal branches.

Recreational surveys made at this time appraised communities more fully of unwholesome conditions resulting from badly used leisure hours of their residents and awakened them to a keener appreciation of the true values of wholesome recreational activities. Inspections increased, ordinances were passed by city councils, city-wide interests developed in broadening the facilities for recreation. Motion pictures were provided for recreation centers—showing that existing facilities were not sufficient.

FOLK DANCES ON THE PLAYGROUND

The Neighborhood organization stage —1915 to 1918—was a further development of the two preceding stages. Cities already had begun to enact recreational ordinances, but had not recognized that men live in groups and must play in groups—that group organization is essential. Neighborhood organization met this definite need. Groups formed their community organizations, in which officers and promoters worked under a city governmental branch. This furnished a definite means for promoting the social life of particular communities, formerly impossible, and also gave an opportunity for neighborhood groups to understand themselves, to promote projects of common interest, and to solve community problems.

An outgrowth of this stage was the development of a new profession—that of recreation leaders. During this stage, too, it was recognized that school buildings, community houses, and field houses must be designed especially for their varied uses, including those of recreation and play. It was settled that the public has a right to use public buildings, especially schools, for community interests.

The year 1918 marked the beginning of what is known as the Community Service stage, a period that has much in common with the one preceding, but which is broader and more far-reaching in its application and effect. It includes rural as well as the urban and industrial communities—reaching all classes of people. The war not only had caused a considerable increase in interest in the possibilities of organized play and recreation, but also gave rise to a changed social situation, with hoards of new problems in every community. Commercialized amusements seized the opportunity for exploitation, especially in proximity to large cantonments, but they quickly were opposed by an organization standing for wholesome and constructive amusement, headed by the "War Camp and War Workers Community Service". This was started to conserve the health and morale of the nation's fighting forces and mobilized industrial masses.

The spirit of service and knowledge of the value of wholesome recreation became so intensified during the war that a universal demand was made after the end of hostilities for community service to be continued. Its spirit and activities since then have been adapted to the problems of reconstruction.

Development of the play and recreation movement through its various stages had brought a broader realization of the value of play and recreation everywhere. It has awakened educators to the need of organized play in schools. It has stimulated attention paid to health. It has encouraged intramural athetics. It has demonstrated that playgrounds alone are not enough, but that the basic need in every community is a broad recreational program, not only to improve health but to strengthen moral fibre, develop good citizenship, and promote the spirit of service.

Detailed information as to the solution of problems of recreation may be obtained from The National Playground and Rcreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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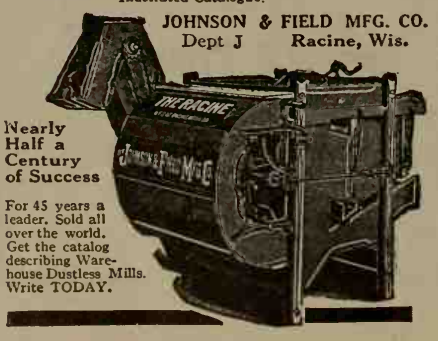

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THE 1923 WISCONSIN PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

(Continued from page 26)

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The organizations which are now listed as supporting the exposition are as follows:

American Society of Equity, College of Agriculture, Department of Agriculture, Department of Markets, Door County Fruit Growers' union, Industrial Cooperative union, Milwaukee Association of Commerce, Northern Wisconsin Grain Growers' association, Wisconsin Aberdeen Angus Breeders' association, Wisconsin Accredited Hatchery association, Wisconsin Ayershire Breeders' association, Wisconsin Bankers' association, Wisconsin Beekeepers' association, Wisconsin Berkshire Breeders' association, Wisconsin Brown Swiss Breeders' association, Wisconsin Buttermakers' association, Wisconsin Cheese Producers' federation, Wisconsin Cheesemakers' association, Wisconsin Chester White Breeders' association, Wisconsin Co-operative Creameries association, Wisconsin Cranberry Growers' association. Wisconsin Dairymen's association, Wisconsin Duroc Jersey Breeders' association, Wisconsin Experiment association, Wisconsin Farm bureau, Wisconsin Hampshire Swiss association, Wisconsin Hereford Breeders' association, Wisconsin Holstein Breeders' association, Wisconsin Horse Breeders' association, Wisconsin Horticultural society, Wisconsin-Illinois Guernsey Breeders' association, Wisconsin Jersey Breeders' association, Wisconsin Manufacturers' association, Wisconsin Pea Packers' association, Wisconsin Poland China Breeders' association, Wisconsin Potato Growers' association, Wisconsin Red Polled Breeders' association, Wisconsin Sheep Breeders' association, Wisconsin State Poultry Breeders' association, Wisconsin Tobacco Growers' association, Wisconsin Wool Growers' association.

The members of the executive committee are:

L. G. Foster, deputy commissioner of the Wisconsin Department of Markets, chairman; Carl A. Johnson, president of the Wisconsin Manufacturers' association; E. A. Reddeman, president of the Wisconsin Bankers' association; Charles Hill, representing the dairy industry; A. L. Stone, a member of the executive committee of the Wisconsin Experiment association; John Le Feber, Milwaukee Association of Commerce; J. G. Milward, secretary of the Wisconsin Potato Growers' association.

THE LEGEND OF DEVILS LAKE

(Continued from page 29)

the water in a birch bark canoe. Several times she went for short walks in the woods with him and upon one of these occasions Pierre was almost certain that he saw Windago lurking in the bushes.

And so the summer passed——

In the early fall, just as the leaves were turning a golden yellow or burnt ochre, and while the pines were still a sombre green, Pierre still lingered in the camp of the Winnebagoes. His love for the beautiful Early Dawn had surpassed all bounds of reason and discretion. A difference in race and color no longer meant anything to him, he was determined to marry the Indian maiden even though it would necessitate his giving up all hope of ever returning to his beloved France.

So on a bright October morning in the melancholy Indian summer, Pierre approached the aged chieftain for the daughter's hand; but at the door of the lodge he met Windago, who glared at him with a growing jealousy. They entered the tent together——and then they made the startling discovery that both of them were on the same mission.

After both suitors had presented their cases in a concise and emphatic manner, the Chief remained motionless while he pondered over the decision. Then, true to the Indian standard of worth, he thundered, "The chosen suitor shall be he who can first bring to me from yonder tree an unfledged eaglet." He pointed to a tall pine tree on the top of one of the high promontories on the West Bluff.

No sooner was the word spoken than both suitors were in their canoes, vigorously paddling across the lake. Ke-she-ah-ben-oqua anxiously watched the race from the shore and with a pang of disappointment saw Windago gradually gain the lead. For a while they would be abreast, and then Pierre would lead in the race and Early Dawn would feel light-hearted and glad. But Windago reached the shore at the base of the bluffs first.

Then began the mad rush up the six hundred feet of almost perpendicular large purplish-grey quartzite rocks. They would slip and fall, bruising themselves. Upon reaching the top, both were exhausted, but Pierre had proved his merit by forging ahead and climbing the tree first.

Windago stood bel w and watched him, realizing with a bitter pang that he had lost the coveted prize. Letting his jealousy and rage get the better of him, he shook the limb upon which Pierre was standing just as he reached into the nest for the eaglet. Pierre, taken unaware and already weakened by the excessive exertion of the race, slipped and

was plunged to his instant death upon the jagged crags below.

On the opposite shore stood Ke-she-ah-ben-oqua. Filled with an overpowering love and overcome with grief at the disastrous outcome, she threw herself into the placid waters of the lake to join her lover at the Happy Hunting Grounds.

It is now said that on quiet moonlight nights their shades may be seen gliding over the silent waters.

Called Minnewakan (Weeping Waters) by the Indians, early settlers named the body of water Spirit Lake. This was later corrupted to Devils Lake (Wisconsin).

BOOK TOURS BY PARCEL POST

(Continued from page 32)

advised to consult her mother about something.

"Aw," objected Angelina, the modern, "she's nothing but a ole wop"—the term in Angelina's mind applying undoubtedly to anyone who could not understand English.

To such pathetic old folk, with no reading matter in their own tongue, a special book collection may travel; some classics, some translations from English, but all printed in the language which they can understand. Of the libraries in foreign languages, the German, Norwegian, Yiddish, and Polish contain about thirty-five volumes each; the Swedish, Bohemian, Danish, Italian, and Finnish have ten. Probably no books on any list are read with more eagerness.

The many phases of traveling library work in Wisconsin grew from the ideas of one man. Frank Hutchins, of revered memory, started this movement, and in 1895 the legislature passed a bill establishing a fund for free library work, this fund to be administered by a Free Library Commission. Mr. Hutchins' efforts were recognized by his appointment as a member of the first commission, he at that time being the township library clerk in the state superintendent's office. In 1897 he became regularly employed by the commission as its secretary.

The Man Behind the Scenes

Until 1904, when poor health and the burning of the Capitol caused his resignation, Mr. Hutchins directed the activities he had so wisely begun. From that time on, he was chiefly concerned in extension work for the university, but his interests lay in many fields.

The legislative reference library, where lawmakers may obtain accurate information on the subject of prospective bills, was Mr. Hutchins' suggestion, as was the library school. The Red Cross Christmas seal also is a memorial to the benevolence and mental alertness of the same man, for he first realized its possibilities as an aid in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Few men have to their credit so many achievements whereby humanity has gained.

"Nearly every big thing accomplished in the Wisconsin library world started in the mind of Mr. Hutchins," wrote Mrs. Katharine McDonald Jones.

Dr. Charles McCarthy, chief of the legislative reference department at the time of Mr. Hutchins' death, knew him intimately.

"I think," declared Dr. McCarthy, "he has been the most valuable man in this state in all the great work which has recently been undertaken here."

The rare nobility of Mr. Hutchins' unassuming nature was most appreciated by those who knew him best.

28 Years of Growth

"When the Commission work was organized," a biographer states, "only thirty-five free libraries existed in the state of Wisconsin. During Mr. Hutchins' nine year term over one hundred public libraries were added, and hundreds of traveling libraries."

With Mr. Hutchins' death in 1914 the state lost one of its most original and forceful men. Others have ably carried out his ideas, notwithstanding, and each year adds proof of their value. The present secretary of the commission, C. B. Lester, has a keen enthusiasm for the traveling library. He is never too busy to explain to an interested inquirer the activities of this rapidly growing organization.

The director of the traveling department is likewise devoted to it.

"Miss Long never talks about herself", the librarians say of their gracious and dignified head. She looks outward to the field of her ministrations, rather than inward to her own interests.

In the dim basement of the Capitol Annex, where the traveling libraries are concentrated, loom huge piles of dull gray wooden boxes, hundreds of clumsy cages for the winged words which are soon to be liberated in hundreds of distant places. There, to paraphrase the nursery rhyme,

When the cages open
The words begin to sing!

The music of these myriad voices will echo in every corner of Wisconsin.

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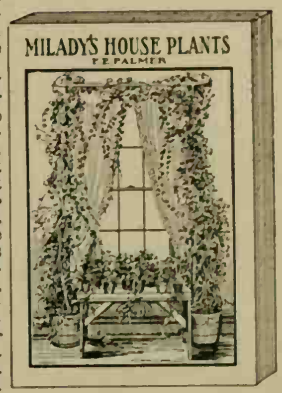

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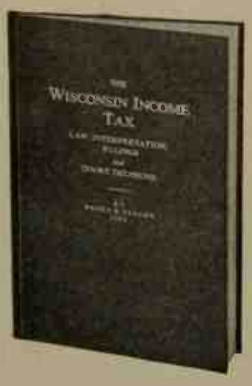

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according to the secretary, Mr. Lester, as demands increase it will become more and more of a problem to fill them all. Even though the aim is to reach only those localities which have no libraries, an area of 56,040 square miles is too large a field to be covered adequately from one center.

"Half the people of the state have no library facilities, "is Mr. Lester's estimate," and only six counties have established any regular system. In county libraries lies the solution of our problem. The counties are closer to the needs of the people, and eventually I believe they will meet the situation."

However, the traveling library may develop, its name will ring in the grateful memories of the bookless people of Wisconsin. From lumber camp, from little red schoolhouse, from farm and village and foreign settlement, and from the solitary places of the deep northern forest comes its reward.

What Wisconsin Says to a Geographer

By Louise W. Mears, A.M.

Author of "Around Milwaukee" and "The Geography of Wisconsin"

HE IS A somewhat peculiar person—I should prefer to say gifted—this geographically minded person, who seems to see through individual field-glasses, with lenses that look far ahead and then backward into his head. John Muir must have looked through such lenses for the makings of his chapter, "Life on a Wisconsin Farm." I can imagine that to such interpreters as Louis Agassiz and Von Humboldt, Wisconsin would have audibly shouted and visibly beckoned a welcome.

I can indicate best by illustrations my meaning of a "geographer." Most of us ride comfortably and unquestioningly over the paved highways in which our state excels. Our friend the geographer will know—Why the road, whence the building material, and whither the cargoes. For him the unsightly and even the exasperating are transformed. A line of freight cars block the highway. The waiting moments for him are spent in identifying the contents of the cars. He has linked the Atlantic and Pacific states from Wisconsin.

Worse Than the Inquisitive Reporter

Here a waterfall and a power plant tell the hurrying traveler of a thriving industry. To him it is something more—it is an invitation to visit a paper mill, an iron mine, a knitting factory or an aluminum plant. New scents and new trails lure him on. Always the why and the wherefore. A green landscape, herds of dairy cattle, numerous silos. A beautiful picture! His trained mind flashes the inquiry—"Where is the creamery?" The acres of commonplace cabbages in the truck gardens start him on the scent of the sauer kraut factory or the city market. The ugly warehouse near the railroad track tempts him to spy within, and the sight of quantities of stored potatoes sends his imagination back to sandy soil and new lands, and forward to the Sunny South in a Wisconsin-made refrigerator car.

A geographer who quenches his thirst on a summer day with sparkling ginger ale from Waukesha might satisfy his thirst but not his curiosity. To tell him that here is the location of the chief bottling industry in Wisconsin, and perhaps in the United States, would surely call forth from him the response—"Why?" And when he learned of the numerous and copious springs issuing from the bedrock of limestone, he would start on the trail of an industry that attracted attention to Wisconsin in an early day.

His mind operates in something of a Sherlock Holmes fashion. It would appear that he is always following a "clue." He finds fascination in every scene. To be sure, sometimes he reaches wrong conclusions, but more often he solves his problem right.

It is an amusing experience to see him get his bearings in a strange country. While taking a steamer trip down the Mississippi and stopping at Prairie du Chien, a geographer picked up from the shore a perforated clamshell, and mused, "What parasite could have bored these round holes?" When he learned that he had come upon a pearl button industry, his joy was akin to that of finding a gold nugget.

He has a habit of substantiating statistics—"backing up his figures," as we say. He is not so particular about remembering the actual figures as he is of knowing their cause. With his plausible reasons, "staggering statistics" seldom appear so to him. It is a strain on our credulity to believe that Milwaukee is the largest coal receiving port on Lake Michigan, and second on the Great Lakes. This, it would appear to most of us, is a "staggering statistic." With many cities larger than Milwaukee on the Great Lakes, and Chicago one of them, how can this be true? Wisconsin produces no coal. Illinois is rich in fields of bituminous coal. Milwaukee does not have near it a Gary and a South Chicago to divide its harbor receipts of coal The next problem that confronts him is, Why does the Duluth-Superior harbor receive more coal than Milwaukee?

Interested in "Folks"

Racing autos and airplanes may give bird's eye views of the country, but the geographer's quest brings him closer to the people. Sometimes as he saunters over the country, he stops in the fields to interview the farmers, who intuitively recognize him as a wise friend seeking wisdom. They tell him candidly why they are growing sugar beets and why less wheat this year, what dividends they receive on their creamery stock and what they paid for a tractor. Then again, he goes out from Washington Island with the Green Bay fishermen to "lift" their nets, and into the shacks where they dress and salt the herring and the white fish. He finds much of interest in the fishing industry as he sees it, but his inquiring mind must know why the supply of fish in Green Bay is not exhausted. He learns of the shoals and sheltered spawning grounds in the arm of Lake Michigan.

The tourist tramp is seldom a geographer. He may be versed in mileage, but seldom in "the earth as the *home* of man." We recognize him by the "off-hand" assurance with which he expresses his judgments. He usually is under the impression that size is an all-important factor. One of these travelers who had come a long distance to see Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, was boasting of the many larger lakes he had seen in the West. He was apparently unaware of the fact that students of science make yearly pilgrimages to this place, and that of it was said by the great university president and geologist, VanHise,—"I know of no other region of the state which illustrates so many principles of geology as Devil's Lake."

The tourist finds a welcome solace for his summer soul in the wilds of northern Wisconsin, where lakes are as plentiful as in Finland. While the geographer recognizes the summer resort as an asset to the state, he looks much deeper into the significance of this physical feature. Vilas and Oneida Counties are to him the reservoirs of important rivers that turn the wheels of industry, and here, in peat beds, lies a future wealth.

The geographer has nothing to sell but ideas, and those, as they are passed on to his disciples, cannot be evaluated in gold. He makes of the universities and colleges a Mecca for lovers of the soul. His teaching concerns the ultimate good, and he broadcasts the call to conservation.

Discovery of Ancient Traps on Indian Pageant Grounds

By John H. Deniston

Indian workers a few weeks ago uncovered ten traps, "cached" in a giant cedar, as they were clearing land preparatory for the great Indian Pageant that is to be staged at Red Cliff Bay, next summer.

These traps are hand forged and bear the name "M. Standish," stenciled in each trap, on one of the springs. How long they have lain hidden, by whom placed there and why left by their owner, may never be known.

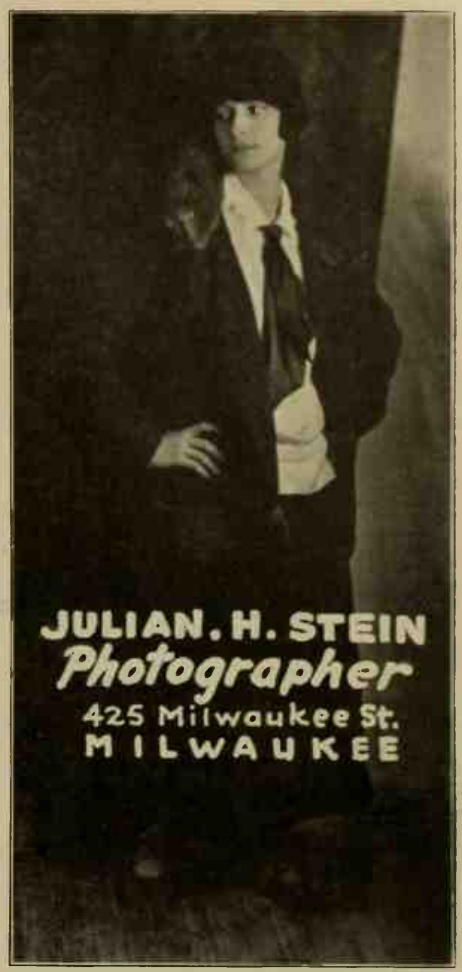
But the fact that they are hand forged bespeaks their ancient lineage, without further evidence.

Romantic speculation might connect the name "M. Standish" with the historical Miles Standish of the Plymouth Colony. The early settlement on Madeline Island is placed by tradition at about 1640 or 1641, the first Jesuit mission having been built on the site of the "Old Fort" in 1665. From this it is not a great step back to the Plymouth Colony, where figured the well known Miles Standish. These traps might have been consigned by him to some professional trapper who, in search of beaver and other furs, reached the remote wilderness of the old Northwest, perhaps meeting disaster, hiding the traps, never to need them more.

Another, perhaps more profitable explanation, is that these traps were a part of the outfit of the first white trapper known in this region. The John Jacob Astor Post on Madeline Island was established after the arrival of the missionaries; but, for some years before that, the "Northwest Fur Co.", and before that the "Hudson Bay Fur Co.", had operated in the Chequamegon Bay region.

"The Apostle Island Indian Pageant Corporation", in locating the grounds for the coming show, has chosen the Red Cliff Bay for its staging for two reasons, first its natural adaptability, a natural amphitheatre upon the water's edge where the canoe battles and other historical water fetes can be presented in front of the land shows and, secondly, because this is historical ground, where one of the first settlements on the mainland was made and the first townsite located. The discovery of such tangible evidence of early occupancy by white trappers and traders was not foreseen but adds interest to the program that is being worked out here to reproduce the life and history of the older Northwest that has gone the way of the wilderness. These traps will be exhibited on the pageant grounds next summer.

Beginning the first of August and lasting to the fifteenth the pageant plays will run in three day cycles to completion, being repeated five times during that time. Over four hundred acres of land has been acquired by the Pageant Corporation, for play and camp grounds, and adequate provisions will be made to handle the crowds of visitors who will come to the beautiful, romantic and historic section of the Lake Superior region, for the big show.



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The Wisconsin Magazine
Madison

The Esperanto of the Eye

By Edward S. VanZile, Litt.D.
Author of "That Marvel—the Movie"

WHAT Thackeray called "cab wit". has more than one way of making itself annoying. The bright things which we might have said, but didn't, in our after-dinner speech, keep us mentally disturbed as we roll homeward from the banquet at midnight. An author may undergo the same kind of hopeless regret if he has failed to give to his book its most appropriate title before it reaches the public. I have been suffering from an acute attack of "cab wit" ever since my volume, "That Marvel—the Movie", came from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons some months ago. The title is a misnomer. The book should have been called "The Esperanto of the Eye."

Under its present title it suggests to the casual observer that its author is what is known as "a movie fan", and has undertaken to glorify an art-form which really stands more in need of bludgeons than bouquets. My real purpose in tracing the evolution of the motion picture from an Edison toy to a Griffith triumph, from a crude and rather disreputable amusement to a medium for influencing the human race in its quest for a higher civilization, was to focus the attention of my readers upon the fact that the blow given to Man's progress at the Tower of Babel has been finally healed by the screen's gift to us of a world-language.

The germ of the idea, namely, that seeing is believing, came to me, I think, on the French front in 1917, where, as a correspondent for a syndicate of American newspapers, I first saw, heard, smelled, and tasted the muddy, bloody horrors of modern warfare. Before that time my detestation of war as an illogical and ineffective method of settling international problems had been theoretical, the revolt of a rather bookish man against the scarlet absurdities of history. But Rheims and St. Quentin changed me from a speculative pacifist into a militant pacifist—if such there can be—and I vowed to myself to do my little bit from then on in the cause of permanent and universal peace.

Eventually there came to me the thought that through the visual education of the race against war something might be done to save it from the cataclysm toward which it seemed to be hurrying.

"The world of today thinks through its eyes looking at a screen," says Frederick Palmer. "I do not believe," says Thomas A. Edison, "that any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture." Then I read recently the following statesmanlike assertion by Elihu Root: "An ignorant democracy controlling foreign affairs leads directly to war and the destruction of civilization. An informed democracy ensures peace and the progress of civilization."

Since the appearance of "That Marvel—the Movie" I have been in receipt of a constantly increasing number of letters from men, women and organizations in various parts of the country expressing approval of my pioneer efforts to raise one of the public's most popular toys to the lofty position of an effective ally to world peace. There is nothing exclusive in my advocacy of the Esperanto of the Eye as a medium for making war abhorent to a democratic race. It can be used in conjunction with World Courts, Leagues of Nations, or any organizations, old or new, which have as their aim the salvation of civilization.

Nevertheless, I believe that the failure of mankind to minimize the recurrent peril of war has been due to the age-long blunder of confining peace efforts to the top of the social structure. Hitherto the powerful few, emperors, kings, ambassadors, delegates to peace conferences, Hague tribunals, etc., have, as the history of the past thousand years shows, dominated both war and peace. The destinies of the peoples of the earth have been determined not by themselves, but by influential over-lords, bearing sharply-contrasted titles, "whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones, whose table earth, whose dice were human bones."

What is the one way out of this appalling situation? The education of the earth's millions against the war-spirit. How can that be accomplished? At present there is but one reasonable method of procedure. A world-wide use of the screen, the Esperanto of the Eye, to teach mankind a lesson it should have learned long ago, has become imperatively necessary.

In my book, "That Marvel—the Movie," I have discussed my project in detail. If nothing comes of it, if my grandsons must face the ordeal which my only son underwent in the Argonne, where he was gassed and shell-shocked, I can take, at least, a grim kind of satisfaction in the thought that I shall not be here to see our planet again reddened by the blood of youth.

BALLADE OF THE BADGER

By William F. Kirk

Hither and yonder have I strayed.
I've seen the golden sunset glow
Above the New York Palisade
And o'er the Rockies capped in snow.
I've strolled in San Antonio
And seen the Northland's ermine pall
But East or West or high or low
Wisconsin is the best of all!

In Arizona I have played
And o'er the line in Mexico.
I've dined with Boston's Bean Brigade
And watched the Mississippi flow.
I've heard the coons sing Old Black Joe
In Tennesee, where possums crawl,
But East or West or high or low
Wisconsin is the best of all!

I've heard the Native Son and Maid
Praise California and bestow
Their blessings on each golden glade
The Californians worship so.
When I have passed away and go
I'll tell St. Peter at the Wall:
"You have the second finest show—
Wisconsin is the best of all!"

Wisconsin! I could never throw
Enough bouquets from Spring till Fall.
I want this blooming world to know
WISCONSIN IS THE BEST OF ALL!

THE MODERNIST

I never saw so swell a gent,
So modern and intelligent,
As Peter J. Padookus, who occasionally calls
To make me stop and realize
That things which I idealize
Are now discarded furniture in Memory's dusty halls.

My literary capital,
Says he, I've got to scrap it all,
And throw away the gods I've been relying on so long;
Victorian anthologies
Admit of no apologies—
From Keats to Kipling, all are quite pathetically wrong.

And Shakespeare is contemptible,
And William Wordsworth empty bull,
From Chaucer down to Swinburne, all the bards are blatant bunk;
And Sophocles and Socrates
Were mushy mediocrities,
And all the Latin authors are a farrago of Junk!

These poems, quaintly metrical,
These novels non-obstetrical,
These Puritanic books can never rank among the Rank;
What mother will condemn her son
To study Waldo Emerson,
When such a frank philosophy exudes from Waldo Frank?

Alas, my dingy, black array
Of Dickens and of Thackeray!
My childish classics, and my tarnished Tennysonian treasure!
And oh, my pet abhorrences,
These Andersons* and Lawrences**—
And oh, the dear old foolish days when reading was a pleasure!

*e. g., Sherwood.
**e. g., D. H.

—Ted Robinson
In Wisconsin State Journal.

The Den

By Victor Kutchin

"THE call of the Wild" is in the normal man to the extent of a universal desire to possess a den. Henry D. Thoreau, John Burroughs, and Elburtus Hubbard, are not the only men of large individuality who have been driven to a shanty in the woods that they might get alone to think.

Solitude is one of the mighty demands of our common nature—Never to be alone is almost as bad as to be always alone. We need the fellowship of our kind and at the same time need some place where we can get away from every human creature and be quite alone. It is a well known fact that city men have small individuality; their very thoughts are dog-eared and shelf-worn. The thoughts you may collect in the smoking room at the club are second-hand goods and not worth taking home. If you would get near to Nature's heart you must get away from the crowd and divest yourself of everything that is likely to stand between you and a full revelation of her wonders.

Let two or three people go into a woods together and what they see are only the most obvious things. Now let one person, with the "seeing eye", go into the same forest and sit down and be quiet, and presto! The place teems with life that was before unnoticed, unseen. Let any fairly thoughtful man sit down in a place where he is quite alone and hold himself to a single train of thought and he is likely to be overwhelmed with the ideas that rush in upon him.

That is a great idea of Hubbard's that Thoreau in his shanty in the woods mined the great nuggets of thought that afterwards were polished and given to the world by Greeley, Emerson, and scores of other thinkers. If you shut yourself in a closet and think, thoughts will come to you worthy to be shouted from the house-tops.

So much by way of introduction to my friend's Den. He is a man past fifty who has heard in his soul from boyhood the cry for a den. When he could afford it he always intended to build a shanty in a big forest, but things never shaped themselves so he could do this, and only last fall he hit on the scheme of fitting up a room in a great vacant building, a few hundred yards from his house, that he has owned a score of years.

Here he now has his den and is for the first time a completely happy man. The time he spends in it is only the time he has been in the habit of fooling away. He is just learning to think and is as charmed over his success as he was when he learned to spin his first top.

The room is sixteen feet square with big mullion windows on one side. A

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long table occupies one whole side of the room, to the south. On this is a student lamp, a typewriter, and all his favorite books. On the wall against which the table stands he has a painting of his wife, a diploma, class picture, and all his fishing tackle, guns, shooting jacket, field glass, golf sticks, tennis racket, racing sculls, and Indian paddles, in fine display. This is the decoration of the western wall that he faces when looking out the window. He tells me smilingly that a man of his age of necessity must face the setting sun. The western wall he calls the "Transportation Department." Here in display is his saddle, bridle, leggins, gauntlet gloves, whips, fur robes, and walking sticks. Here are pictures of carriages and horses and dogs surrounding a great central plaque of Father Time with his scythe over his shoulder listening to the blandishments of a very charming young girl who is evidently intent upon keeping him from attending strictly to business. Just beyond the door is a space that he has named "Bird Center", not, however, a collection of fantastic human faces, but pictures of birds of which he has been an enthusiastic student for years.

The whole eastern wall is covered with colored pictures sent out by Sunday papers, arranged with taste and constituting a surprisingly effective decoration. Next to the window on the north wall is his "Indian Reservation." Here Mr. Low may be seen at his best—in war paint, on dress parade, plus a collection of Indian relics. A big iron safe by the window suggests that connection between business and pleasure from which few Americans altogether escape.

A table upon which is a chafing dish and a five o'clock tea set is the gift of his wife who holds over him the threat of bringing her lady friends some afternoon for him to serve with tea. An old fashioned sofa by the window is covered with a fur robe and piled high with sofa pillows, the spoil of many "A Christmas Past"; a half dozen easy chairs, a rag carpet like his mother used to make, an old stove in the center of the room that can be opened in front till you get the effect of an open grate, constitute the remaining furnishing.

Now all this would look horribly modern and luxurious compared to the adornment of Thoreau's Walden Pond Shanty, but we are reminded of Emerson's saying that a luxury persisted in becomes a necessity, and we might as well admit that our Mr. Bear would not be quite happy in too primitive a den.

Now, realizing that some very practical people are likely to regard all this as very trivial and foolish,—a kind of a reversion to the cave dweller of the stone age—to be sat down upon—I said to my friend, "Can you give me any valuable net results traceable directly to this den?"

My Mr. Bear pulled up the stand, that I neglected to mention in the description of the den, on which were to be found pipes and seductive mixtures of tobacco, and bidding me light up and doing the same himself, said as follows, as near as I can remember.

"First of all, it has given us a place to smoke. When my wife and daughter tell me that they like to have me smoke in the house I am sorry to hear them say so, because they are generally truthful. Surely there ought to be some net results in the expression of an idea you have had in your mind since you read Robinson Crusoe at ten years of age. The American people are deficient in expression. A lot of people are as badly off as the fellow who took his best girl to the cemetery on Sunday and said to her: 'Mary, that is our lot, only members of our family can be buried there—Mary, when you come to die, don't you want to be buried there?' I have learned to run a typewriter and though I generally kindle my fire with what I wrote the previous evening, some of my ideas have found their way into print—net result, vanity. Taking care of the den so it will be an object lesson in neatness to members of my family, so far is without perceptible result. I fancy a net result in loafing alone rather than in a crowd where each one is afraid to be the first to go and leave his reputation to the tongues of his friends. A glance over my left shoulder at the young woman beguiling Father Time is a constant reminder that the old man will get busy soon and what I do, I must do quckly.

"Two or three little business deals I've pulled off in the den that I don't believe would have gone through if I hadn't had my man alone, but you can't certainly tell about that. So far there is a net gain to me in having been kept by the den from going to the city with my wife today, but when her shopping bills are all in, her gain may be my loss.

"I shall be dollars ahead if angling for ideas here keeps me from angling for tarpon in Florida. Your net gain there is apt to be Ne-see-ums.

"There ought to be a net gain to an American in proving the truth of a certain clause in the Declaration of Independence, and no where else except in a den can he come so near his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

"However, as a matter of fact, you are fundamentally wrong in asking a net gain from a den, for I have somewhere heard or read that even a bear loses all his summer's fat when driven into a den by the cold and snow of our semi-arctic winter."

I think that he had something else to add but just here we were broken in upon by the man who tends the furnace at his home—calling him to supper.

Book Reviews

Science Remaking the World, by Caldwell and Slosson (Doubleday Page). It is easy to read, this book on science written for layman as well as scientist. Here is a compact summary of what has actually been achieved in various fields of science, as well as a prognostication of what is yet to be done. More interesting than any novel.

Insect Stories, by Vernon Kellogg. (Appleton) Delightful sketches of insect life. The scientist lives in a world more fascinating than Fairy-land, and when he combines with scientific knowledge, Mr. Kellogg's ability to tell a story, such books as "Insect Stories" are born, and the world is a little better than it was before.

Christmas Stories, by Jacob A. Riis (Macmillan). Stories by the author of "How the Other Half Lives." These have not appeared before in book form. Homely stories from the tenement life of New York, or from the memory of his early home in Denmark, always with the peculiar heart-appeal that characterizes the work of Riis. These stories are of just the right type for reading out aloud.

Seeing the Middle West, by John T. Faris (Lippincott). The most complete descriptive work ever published dealing with the Middle West as a unit. Mr. Faris has used excellent discrimination in his selection of materials, and while he does not omit essential facts, he does not ignore the history which has made this region famous. As he says in his preface, "Special interest attaches to this rich, beautiful land—whose resources have not yet been measured—because it is such a distinct historical unit."

The Humanizing of Knowledge, by James Harvey Robinson (Doran). A small volume but significant. Its theme is the failure of present methods of presenting scientific discoveries, as well as the necessity for applying science to life. It sets out some of the things which science has to contend with in its struggle to get at the truth and tell the truth. While it does not refer specifically to William Jennings Bryan, it is ostensibly aimed at the attitude of mind which he represents.

R. L. Stevenson, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran). Mr. Swinnerton breaks with the tradition that anything one may say about Stevenson should be adulatory. There are many things said in this book which will hurt those who have kneeled for many years at the shrine of Stevenson without taking into account some of the foibles which must have been his, and which, according to Mr. Swinnerton, were his. It is, however, criticism of the best kind, and should help to make Stevenson a much more vivid and real personality than he has been heretofore in the minds of most readers.

The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, by Howard Carter and A. C. Mace (Doran). America has reason to be proud of Howard Carter, the co-discoverer of the now famous tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. This book is the story of the excavation, an account of the early ef-

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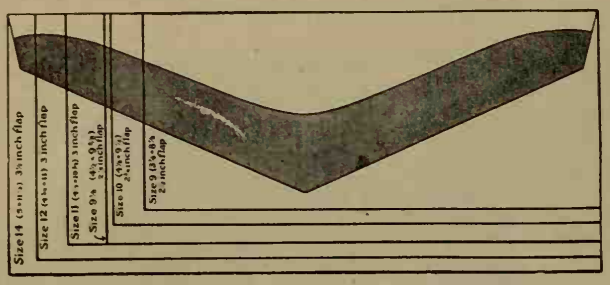

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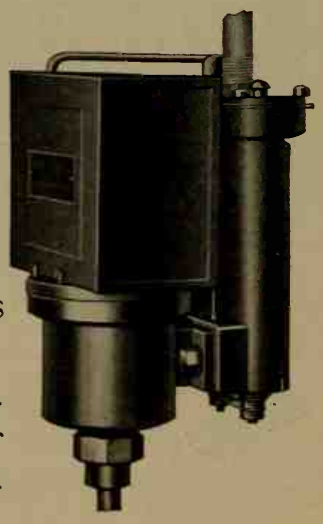

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forts, the finding of the tomb, and a description of its contents as far as the excavations have been carried. It is interestingly written and beautifully illustrated. The first part of the book is devoted to a short sketch of the late Lord Carnarvon, by Lady Burghclere.

Silver Moon, a novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott (Dutton). Interesting complications arise from the notion of an elderly and dying woman to invite to her home six young people, three of each sex, the children of six of her early admirers. While the hostess herself is mysteriously kept in the background, the six young people, left alone in the house with a paid chaperone, keep the reader in a continual suspense as to what will happen next.

Calvin Coolidge, His First Biography, by R. M. Washburn (Small, Maynard). A peculiar book because, as the author says, "His First Biography is an attempt to write of a personal friend as he is." It seeks "to touch upon his particular individualities, not only for the truth but also to lighten the portrait with amusement." And this biography is amusing, perhaps a little more amusing than in good taste.

Practical Amateur Photography, by William S. Davis (Little, Brown). Written by a man who for twenty years has exhibited prize-winning pictures and written for photographic journals. Mr. Davis is a painter and etcher as well as a photographer, and emphasizes the artistic side of photography. While this book is of particular interest to the amateur photographer, in the sense of a beginner, it contains many suggestions that should be of value to experienced camera owners.

American Artists, by Royal Cortissoz, (Scribners). "American art flows not from tradition but, in a specially marked sense from the individuality of the artist," says the author, and it is with a broadly sympathetic, intimate knowledge that he writes his story of the development of American art and of the men who have contributed to it in the largest measure. The book itself is a work of art, both in its physical make-up and in its style.

The Marriage of Yussuf Khan, by Frank Heller, translated from the Swedish by Robert Emmons Lee (Crowell). A mystery story of unusual fascination. There is a surprise at every turn, and the plot never rests a minute. Here is no foolish sentimentality to spoil a good story. The characters are real and there is a piquant humor that pervades the entire story. In this respect, the reader will notice it differs from most American detective and mystery stories, which seem to take the cue from Edgar Allen Poe that humor has no place in a mystery tale.

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